

AUTHENTICK
MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE

INTRIGUES *and* ADVENTURES
Of the CELEBRATED
SALLY SALISBURY.

WITH
True CHARACTERS of her most
Considerable GALLANTS.

By Capt. CHARLES WALKER. *A*

*Don't wonder Others are not, with Her, shown
She, who no Equal has, must be alone.*

Ld. ROCHESTER

The Second Edition. With a KEY to
the whole.

L O N D O N :
Printed in the Year M. DCC. XXIII.
(Price Two-Shillings)

MEMOIRS
 OF THE
 LIFE
 OF
 WILLIAM
 SHAKESPEARE
 WITH
 A
 HISTORY OF HIS
 TIMES
 BY
 JOHN HALLAM



LONDON:
 Printed in the Year MDCCLXXII.
 (the two-Volume)
 The Second Edition.
 The whole
 in two Volumes.
 Don't wonder Obedience was not with H. Hallam
 See who was equal to him, and to alone.
 L. H. HALLAM
 THE SECOND EDITION.
 THE WHOLE
 IN TWO VOLUMES.
 LONDON:
 Printed in the Year MDCCLXXII.
 (the two-Volume)

MEMOIRS

OF

SALLY SALISBURY.

- I**N the *Dedication*. The celebrated Mrs. N—d—
—am. Mrs. Needham, a noted Bawd.
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- Pag. 12. The young Nobleman, &c. the late Earl
of W—k.
- Pag. 14. Mother *Wisebourn*, alias *Wyburn*, late of
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- Pag. 18. Mr. W—, an eminent Surgeon. Mr.
W—r.
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 Mr. S — and Mr. B —.

FINIS





THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY
TO

Mrs. *Sally Salisbury.*

M A D A M,

NEVER was Poet so much
tortured about the Choice
of a Patron, as I have been
for a proper Advocate of the
following Membirs. For tho in the
Femle Class of Life, I could have
fastened upon Numbers, which bear
some Resemblance to You, in your
general Behaviour, and Actions;
and tho' many of our own Sex,

A 2 would

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would have gloried in the Patronage of these Amorous Adventures: Yet in so vast a Collection, I could not find One equal to the Singularity of your Character.

A *Beau* of the first, or second Rank, would have made but insipid Patrons; a *Coquet* would have proved a mischievous One; a *Jilt* a negligent One; a *kept Mistress*, a weak One; or a common Runner of the Town, a ridiculous One.

I had once determined to fix the terrible Name of some *Man of War* in the Front of your History, a perfect Hero, that should like another QUIXOT defend your Reputation right, or wrong; but upon second Thoughts, I concluded the Task too hazardous for any BES-

SUS

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sus* of this Age ; that he soon would have been obliged to carry his Arm in a Scarf, and your Honour left to shift for it self ; and so I dismiss'd that Project.

Then I was hot upon begging the Protection of some powerful Man in Your Interest, famed for Wit and Love, but I foresaw what Envy it would create to the Person, placed, in a manner, at the Head of Your Affections by such a DEDICATION : Besides, I was fearful of giving You a very sensible Disgust, in making You seem the Propriety of one Man, when You know Yourself ordained for the Comfort and Refreshment of Multitudes.

* The General, who Assassinated DARIUS, King of Persia.

At

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At last, for the avoiding Offence, and gaining a strong Party, I had almost resolved to Inscribe the following Sheets to ALL Your Admirers, that is to most of the *Loving Subjects* of *Great-Britain*. But then I considered what endless Quarrels might rise amongst so many Competitors, about the foolish Punctilio of who was Dearest to You, and who had possessed You ofteneft, so that I soon went off from these Intentions.

From this Insufficiency in the Men, to protect so great a Merit, I cast my Eyes toward the *Female World*, to find one there; but I perceived myself running into equal Improprieties on that Side also.

Had I Dedicated them to some *Leading BELLE* of a Modern *Assemblée*, with what Indignation would she have beheld her Name prefixed to the
the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the Life of such a *proclaimed Wanton*, whilst she keeps up an unsuspected Gallantry with Thousands.

Had I Inscribed these MEMOIRS to a PRUDE, what a tacit Reflection would it have been upon her stolen Joys with her Coachman; and how strangely would such a Complement have disordered her Stoical Face, and precise Behaviour.

I had once a *pretty Penitent* in my Eye, who has passed thro' many delightful Stages of Life, whose Wit could have justified most of the gay Excesses of Your Story; but I hear, she is employing all those fine Talents in polishing that little Stock of Reputation, which is left her, and so, less capable of giving a Gloss to Yours: So that,

You

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You see, I was under an invincible Necessity of making You the PATRONESS of Your own *Fine Actions*: And to be plain, Who is there in all the Fair Circle of Female Practitioners that has Spirit enough to defend each Article of Your Conversation? What Woman besides Yourself has the Wit to extenuate the most Criminal Parts, or Art to add a Lustre to the beautiful Extravagancies of Your Life.

No, Madam, You are the sole Person, best able to protect Yourself. Thus Naked and Defenceless how Lovely do you appear? How Great in this State of Independency?

But tho' it is not easy to find a proper Patron amongst the Men, yet for Your Satisfaction I must tell You, the whole Species is at Your Devotion,
and

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and the seeming Disdain of Your *own* Sex, proceeds not so much from an Unwillingness to Patronize Your Actions, as an Incapacity of Copying so bright an Example.

There is a certain Propriety in Your Character, which is not communicable to any Woman in *Your* Way, and even the nearest Imitation would become preposterous in another Hand. Your polite Deviations from Virtue, and graceful Wantonness, are what Alarm your whole Sex, and from despairing to Imitate, they fall to Railing.

Having such superior Advantages, think not that I will run any mean Paralells between *You* and the modern Ladies of *Your* Profession, or that I will Honour them even with a DASH.

B

No,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

No, your Sphere of Ellevation is much higher, and You move with an Elegance peculiar to Your self.

I am half distracted when I hear a dissolute Creature, formed only for falling backwards, and such insipid Dalliances, as Matrimony affords, compare those barren Pleasures, to the Picquancy, and Heightenings which You give to that supreme Joy of SENSE: Or a Termagant born only for Noise and Clamour, justify herself by those gay Rhapsodies, and inspired Rants, with which you engage your Lovers.

As You stand without a Rival in Great Britain amongst the Professors of Love's Mysteries, so it is difficult to match You amongst the Ancients. The Grecian Ladies of Pleasure were
delicious

The Epistle Dedicatory.

delicious in their Way; they had fine Particularities, but were not so universally *attractive* as You are.

PHRYNE of *Beotia* was a celebrated *Toast* in her Day, She had a pouting Lip, and a melting Eye which gained her more Admirers, than the fiercer Beauties of her Time: She was most remarkable for the *Elasticity* of her *Parts*, and a certain *Spring* in her *Motion*, which endangered the *Rider*: But somewhat mercenary in Abatement of her other amiable Qualities.

LAMIA of *Athens*, tho' engaging beyond Measure, at first Sight, yet was high seasoned with the *Filt*; she had a peculiar Knack of firing the Imagination with an openness of Behaviour; would show her pretty Foot, and well turned

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Leg, and then Drop the Curtain on a sudden, and retire, to the unspeakable Torment of her Lover; a Fault, your Enemies could never reproach you with, since you are generally so Compassionate as to go thro' the whole Exercise.

L A I S of *Corinth* was a Lady of High Mettle, Generous and Entertaining; tho' her Demands ran high, when a wealthy Magistrate was to make a *Love-Purchase*; yet, to her Honour be it Recorded, she never let a younger Brother pine to Death for want of a *Favour*; but what gives some Alloy to her Character, is, that She was much *Commoner*, than ever You permitted your Self to be. But,

T H A I S is the Girl, which comes up nearest to your Standard; She had

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had something *Strong* in her *Diversions*, loved to associate chiefly with *Rakes*, and affected *Masculine Pleasures*: She would make a Party at a *drinking Match*, and Loved a *midnight Revel* at her Soul. And how often have You quitted the *fine Gentleman*, and the *Colonel* to drink half a dozen Bottles of *Burgundy* with an *Illustrious-Debauchee*; with an Eye perhaps to the Example of *ARIA DNE*, who quitted her Lover *THESEUS*, for the tumultuous Conversation of *BACCHUS*.

Amongst the *Roman Ladies* of Your Calling, to pass over the *CELIA's*, the *MANILIA's*, the *JULIA's*, and Thousands more of that Stamp, famed for little else than *strong Gustoes of Pleasure*. I cannot find even the *Kept-Mistresses* of the *Roman Wits*, reach up near to Your Perfection.

The

The Epistle Dedicatory.

The LYCORIS of GALLUS was a *luscious Bed-fellow*, but then, She used by way of Provocative, to read the *wanton Verses* of her PARAMOUR in the day time; without which helps, *Ton, M A D A M,* are *Tousjours Prest.*

CARINNA the Mistress of OVID, Loved a *Game at Romps* in her *Cloaths*, and was so *insatiable* in her *Play*, that there was no holding out the *Game* with her: This Mistake *You* judiciously avoid, by permitting your *Lover* to *rise* with an *Appetite*.

The beloved LELAGE of HORACE appears to me in no more agreeable Light, than that of a pretty, laughing, talkative, Hoyden. And,

The

The Epistle Dedicatory.

The LESBIA of CATULLUS
was everlastingly Slabbering, and
Sucking his Lips. But,

In all this Fine Groupe of Obliging Ladies, none, singly, could ever furnish out that Variety of Delight which is to be met with in your Person: In You the happy Man enjoys the different Graces of all Climates. In You are collected the scattered Beauties of Your whole Sex. In short, You are the PINE-APPLE of Great-Britain, which includes the several flavours of all the delicious Fruits in the World.

Those Hypocrites who pretend to dis-esteem You upon the Account of Your Profession, neither consider the Antiquity of it; the Usefulness of your Labours to the Publick; or the Honours

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Honours conferred upon your Loving Sisterhood by the Greatest, and wisest Law-givers, Princes, and States in all Ages. For the *Antiquity*; From,

VENUS Parent of Gods and Men,
Began the Sportive-Dance.

For the *Usefulness* of it---It will be readily granted. The *Ladies* of your *Universal Character* are of wondrous Service to those who cannot comply with the Insolence, Clamour, Insatiableness, Laziness, Extravagance, or Virtuous Nastiness of a *Wife*.

It must be allowed, that such *Gay Volunteers* as your *Ladyship*, give a young Fellow an handsome Prospect of the *Town*, lead him thro' all the enchanting Mazes, and even surfeit him with Delight; so that by the time he is come out of your Hands, he is grown very *Tame*, and prepared for the dull Solemnity of *Marriage*.

It

The Epistle Dedicatory.

It cannot be likewise denied, but that Recreations of that Delicacy are much more excusable, than the smallest Excesses of any other Kind.

That this *familiar Intercourse* keeps Mankind in the *proper Channel* of Nature.

That more Distempers are prevented by your *kind Alliances*, than gained; and *critical Fevers* of the Blood mitigated, if not cured, by your *seasonable Interposition*.

From such a kind *Medicine* as You are always capable of *dispensing*, that Pious Father St. AUSTIN, whom the CHURCH with so much Justice Reveres, found great Relief in his *Necessities*: He had a *Pair* of clever *Wenches* for his Share: By one he had a *Love Child*, whom he called ADEODATUS, that is, the

C

Gift

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Gift of God : She teized him and followed him, till She grew *Vexatious*, and the *holy Father* then threw her off with a good deal of Gallantry : The *other* he used to recreate himself with, after he had been solemnly Contracted to his intended Spouse who was in her Nonage, and kept her till his Wife was ripe for Consummation.

But that *Ladies* of Your *Characteristick* are of more important Service to the CHURCH, and the PUBLICK, then most of the *liberal Arts*, is evident from Experience.

At *Rome* every Pleasurable Female pays a JULIO per Week to the CHURCH; a *Curate*, whose Income amounts to, no more than Thirty-Crowns per Annum, having an Assignment out of the Fees of Three Court-tezans

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tezans in the *Publick Stews*, picks up a comfortable Subsistence, and to distinguish such *pious Church-Women*, as your Ladyship, Pope SIXTUS erected a noble *Brothel-House*, with Partitions, for the more commodious Reception of Strangers.

Neither have they been less serviceable to their *Country* then to the CHURCH, as appears by the great Succours they have afforded to the *Common-wealth of Venice* out of their Bodily Industry.

Here I cannot omit the great Genius of *One*, and the extensive Charity of the *Other*.

RHODOPE, at her own Expence, and out of the modest Fees of her private Office built one of the state-liest *Pyramids of Egypt*. And FLO-

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RA generously left the Roman-People her Heirs.

Their *Duty* to *Parents* likewise must not be passed over in Silence. The *Babylonian* Virgins used to grant Favours for the Support of their aged *Fathers*.

Neither must the *Industry* of the *Cyprian* Girls want a due Encomium : For they publicly prostituted themselves to every Stranger, to make a *Fortune* equal to their *Ambition* before they settled in *Matrimony*.

But here we must not forget the Honours, even the sacred Honours, conferred on your Profession by *Antiquity*.

The

The Epistle Dedicatory.

The *Corinthian-Dames*, being the most elegant Mistresses of Greece, had it always in Charge, from the *State*, to intercede with VENUS in any Case of Importance; and when *Xerxes* invaded the *Peloponesus*, they had the Privilege of compiling a publick Form of Prayer for the Safety of their *Country*. SOLON, the *Athenian* Law-giver being sensible of the Strength of their *Party*, built a *Temple* to VENUS out of the Amorous Perquisites of your Tribe, which was devoutly Copied here, in that worthy Collection made for a CHAPEL of Ease in *Russel-Court*, *Covent-Garden*, out of the pious Gains of the THEATRE.

Thus MADAM you see, you have the whole Current of *Antiquity* on your side, and assure your self,
the

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the *Party* will be ever as victorious in *Great Britain*, tho' we are too Phlegmatick to pay those solemn Honours to your Confederacy, as the Antients.

But what the Laws of our Country forbids us to act in *Publick*, you are satisfied we make more than a Recompence for in *Private*.

What *Catholick* has ever offered up more Extasies at the Shrine of his *Tutelar Saint*, than has been paid to the simple Brade of your Shoe, a discoloured Top-Knot, or perhaps two Spans of unravelled Gartering.

Yet amidst the *good Offices*, you are continually doing to Mankind, I must intreat you not to indulge the Vanity of thinking yourself exempt from the invidious Whispers
of

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of a thoughtless Multitude: No, there are a Set of Gossips of both Sexes, who are endeavouring to fix a Blemish on your Bright Character, insinuating that the most blooming Part of your Life was spent amongst the *Royal Japanners*; which at present, for your Comfort is no despicable *Corporation*; whilst others equally detracting, fail not to lessen the Dignity of your Education, in that famous *College of Sherard-Street*, under the celebrated *Mrs. N--d--am*. But your good Sense is always present with you, to pity their Ignorance, and place such popular Mistakes to a Narrowness of Genius: For what Seminary is there, even at *Chelsea* or *Hackney*, which can boast of half those Improvements, in Five Years, as that School wherein you have been Educated, can furnish out in three Months?

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Months? There, the young Practitioners are led into a promiscuous Conversation from the Day of their Admittance. There, is soon learned an easie and graceful Behaviour, and a Presence of Mind, which never leaves them in an Extremity. In that Academy there can no Danger accrue to the fair Nymphs, from broken Vows, and neglected Charms: There, the Lover has nothing in View, but a Run of Joy without Teizing, Fears, or Cautions; and for the Satisfaction of all jealous Parents, there has not been a Fortune stole out of this pious Nursery since its first Erection.

Times and Customs alter; but had your *Lady Abbess* been so fortunate as to have lived in that elegant Period of Time, when Greece carried away the Prize of Wit,
and

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and Prowess, from all the World,
both *She*, and *You* would have been
the immediate Care of the Pub-
lick.

The famous *ASPASIA*, was
much of Mrs. *N--d--am's* Complex-
ion, and Vertue, and so tender was
Athens of the Safety, and Commodi-
ous Subsistence of that *Lady* and her
Virtuous Nursery, that *PERICLES*
the famous General, began the *Pelo-
ponesian* War in Revenge of the In-
juries offered to *Her*, and the young
Ladies of Pleasure under her Care,
by the People of *Megara*.

These Honours paid to your *Pro-
fession* by *Antiquity*, cannot fail of
giving you an high Opinion of their
good Sense, and likewise an Opportu-
nity of bewailing the strange Dege-
neracy of the Men of the present
D Age,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Age, who concern themselves no farther in your *Cause*, then *You* are contributing to their Pleasures: But I presume you will still persevere in this *Virtuous Course*, in hopes of seeing some Amendment in the Times.

But now MADAM to take my Leave of you fairly, I think you will have this peculiar Advantage over the rest of Your Sex by seeing the *worst* of Your *Actions* published in your *Life time*, that You may amend them in the next Impression, or if it be not too much trouble, amend your self: They are most of them Venial, and I assure you I would sooner Embark on your Bottom, than that of many presumptive Hypocrites.

If I have failed in one Point of *Chronology*, and detracted so much
from

The Epistle Dedicatory.

from the Vivacity of your Spirit,
as not to bring you into a *Practical*
Familiarity with *Mankind* soon e-
nough for a Lady of Your Capa-
city: Believe me MADAM, I'll en-
deavour to correct that Fault, and
place You with QUARTILLA, who
scarce remembred when she was Con-
firmed by MAN,

I am,

MADAM,

March 8th
1722-3.

Your most obliged

Admirer,

CHARLES WALKER.

THE



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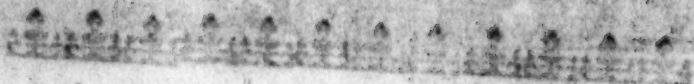
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21 DE 64





MEMOIRS

ERRATA.

Mrs. Sarah Priddon

Fig. 2. Line graph showing the change in the number of eggs per female over time.

only in the Division of
 onate Admitt.



It is not an accident, which
leads to the conclusion
that it is a misfortune.



Women take, and more, and
with a Design upon Us. That
though their Thoughts are ever turned
B. 11



ERRATA.

Epistle Dedicatory.

Pag. 3. Lin. 5. *read* dismiss'd. p. 12. l. 7. *r.* CORINNA

PAG. 15. lin. 27. *for* area, *read* arca. p. 36. l. 5. *f.*
which, *r.* with. p. 37. l. 20. *f.* the, *r.* that, *and*
p. *ibid.* l. 22. *f.* that, *r.* the p. 101. l. 15. *r.* *thus*--- is
only in the Divine *Astrea's* Power to grant her Passi-
onate Admirer.





MEMOIRS

O F

Mrs. *Sarah Priddon,*

ALIAS

Sally Salisbury.



THE late Accident, which gives Birth to the ensuing Pages, is an unhappy Instance of what Mr. *Addison* has so judiciously observ'd, *That Women talk, and move, and smile with a Design upon Us: ** That though their *Thoughts* are ever turn'd
 B upon

* *Vid. SPECTATOR*, No. (433)

upon appearing *Amiable*, yet every *Feature* of their *Faces* and every *Part* of their *Dress* is fill'd with *Snares* and *Allurements*. There would be no such *Animals* as *Prudes* or *Coquets* in the *World*, were there not such an *Animal* as *Man*.

As therefore we are indebted to our selves, and to our selves only, for that Extravagance of Power which *They* on all Occasions take the Liberty to exert over *Us*, we cannot, upon the strictest Examination, blame the insolent Arrogance of the *haughty Woman*, when we consider the mean Submissions of the *obsequious yielding Man*.

The mischievous *Animal* now before us, pleads *Passion* as an Excuse for, and Extenuation of, the Action she has committed. It is a very common Expression, That such a one is *very good Natured*, but *very Passionate*. The Expression, indeed, is *very good-natured*, to allow *passionate People* so much *Quarter*; but I think a *passionate Person* deserves the least *Indulgence imaginable*. It is said, *It is soon over*, that is, all the *Mischief* they can do is *quickly dispatch'd*; which I think is no great Recommendation to *Favour*. — It is certain, That *quick Sensibility* is inseparable from a *ready Understanding*; but why should not that

good

good Understanding call to it self all its Force, on such Occasions, to master that sudden Inclination to Anger. Now to shew how odious this enormous Vice is in both Sexes, if you would see *Passion* in its *Purity*, without *Mixture* of *Reason*, behold it represented in a mad Hero, drawn by a mad Poet. *Nat. Lee* makes his *Alexander* say thus :

Away ! Begone, and give a Whirl-wind Room,
Or I will blow you up like Dust ! Awayut ;
Madness but meanly represents my Toil,
Eternal Discord !

Fury ! Revenge ! Disdain and Indignation !

Tear my swol'n Breast, make way for Fire and Tempest,
My Brain is burst ; Debate and Reason quench'd ;
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack, while Passions, like the Wind,
Rise up to Heaven, and put out all the Stars !

Every *passionate Fellow* in Town talks half the Day with as little *Consistency*, and threatens *Things as much* out of his *Power*, *

How near an Affinity the *Heroine* of these MEMOIRS bears to the Character above describ'd, I leave to the Determination of all *who know* her.

B 2

Having

* Vid. *SPECTATOR*, No. (438)

Having been favour'd with the Correspondence of several Gentlemen, since I declared my Intention of writing her LIFE, I think my self obliged in Justice to transmit every Paper that I have receiv'd, with the same Freedom it has been communicated. The first Letter sent me, was sign'd *RENATO*; a Gentleman, who has within these few Days been pleased to make himself known to me. He is a Person of Birth, Fortune, and singular Worth; One of her earliest Admirers, and by her boundless Extravagance only, has for some time been incapacitated from making that splendid Appearance in the World he formerly did, and deserves still to do. His Letter runs thus, *viz.*

S I R,

‘ **M**ANY are the Reports which
 ‘ are spread Abroad, concerning
 ‘ that celebrated Piece of Contradiction,
 ‘ *SALLY SALISBURY*. She is
 ‘ said to be the best-humoured Creature
 ‘ existing, and at the same time the most
 ‘ morose Animal breathing; she has a
 ‘ great deal of Wit, but very little Judgment;
 ‘ much immediate Cunning, less
 ‘ future Conduct. She is extreamly Agreeable,
 ‘ tho’ not perfectly Beautiful.
 ‘ These, and many other seeming Paradoxes

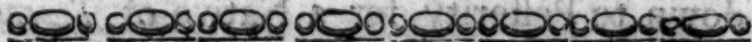
' doxes, which the judicious Reader may
 ' easily reconcile, reign alternately in
 ' this charming Compound of bewitching
 ' Mischief. In advancing but few out of
 ' the many Vicissitudes of Fortune,
 ' changes of Manners, Acquaintance,
 ' Places of Abode, &c. You, Sir, whose
 ' Genius is equal to the nice Task you
 ' have happily undertaken, may collect
 ' just Notions, and form a better Judg-
 ' ment than I, with my Inferior Capacity,
 ' dare attempt, and you will oblige the
 ' Publick in the most entertaining Manner,
 ' by transmitting her Fame to Poste-
 ' rity in its proper Colours.

You may depend upon the Veracity
 of every Fact sent you by

Your humble Servant

Jan. 6. 1723.

RENATO.



CHAP.

CHAP. I.

*Of her Birth, Education, and first
setting out in the World.*

BECAUSE I would have the strictest Regard to Truth and Impartiality in the following MEMOIRS, I will not pretend either to write the Annals, or the Diary, of Mrs. *SALISBURY's* Life, nor will I be accountable for all her Hours, least by that Means I should lye under the Imputation of having forged the greatest Part of her Adventures, or incur the Censure of being wholly ignorant of any : For I must freely confess, that I have been shrewdly put to it even to fix the time of her Nativity ; nor have I been less puzzled about the *Place*, as many laying Claim to it (to her immortal Fame be it spoken) as to *that* of *HOMER*.

Some of the Invidious among her own Sex, in the *Hospitable Hundreds* of *OLD DRURY*, would fain have handed her down to Posterity for a Native of *Sweet St. GILES's*, by confidently affirming that she was born in *PARKER's-LANE*, in that Parish. But as *Rumour* is seldom

dom to be credited, I have had Recourse to more Authentick Vouchers, find her Recorded a *SALOPIAN*, and that the good Town of *SHREWSBURY* boasts the Honour of her Birth.

SHE is the Eldest Daughter of *RICHARD PRIDDON*, Bricklayer, and *MARGARET* his Wife, and has Three Sisters now living, viz. *PEGGY*, *MOLLY* and *JENNY*. *FAME* is very loud in echoing out the Exploits of Three of them, but *JENNY* having had the Misfortune of being deprived of her Sight, by that formidable Enemy of Beauty, the *SMALL-POX*, History says little of Her: But all who know Her, say, that she is perfectly Good-natur'd, very Vertuous, endow'd with no small Portion of Sense, and as remarkable for the Sweetness of her Voice, as her Sister *SALLY* is for the Keeness of her Tongue; and I am assured, that nothing but Mrs. *SALISBURY*'s insuperable Pride, has even prevented her from ravishing the Ears of the Publick upon the Stage in the *OPERA-HOUSE*; she having obstinately rejected the Proposals made to *JENNY* upon that Subject: Tho' in Reality, to do all of them Justice, they have pretty Voices, and sing in a very agreeable easy manner.

But

But to return to Mrs. *SARAH*, the more immediate Object of our present Concern, we find that an Aunt of hers (who married her Father's Brother, and was lately in an Alms-House at *SHREWSBURY*) affirms her to have been born about the Year 1690, or 91.

I will not go about to particularize how far she is indebted to her Parents for their Care of breeding her in her Minority, but to speak according to my own Knowledge, she Reads well, fluently, and with an admirable Grace; she Writes tolerably, but Spells very indifferently. Yet it is certain, that had she been bless'd with an Education proportionable to her own Natural Genius, she would have been a most accomplish'd Woman; nay, I have actually heard some, make no scruple to say, with an Exclamation, That, *Had SALLY apply'd herself to Learning, she would have been the Prodigy of the Age.* It must be confess'd, that she can be very entertaining Company when she pleases; has a surprising Vivacity, and Redundancy of Thought, a ready Turn of Wit, and is very sprightly at *Repartee*; but her predominant, darling Faculty of inconsiderately using both her Tongue and Hands, makes her Conversation far less agreeable

able than it would otherwise be, and indeed hardly supportable. This odious Quality seems in her to be innate; I have been assur'd by some, who knew her from her Shell, that the uncontroul'd, Termagant Spirit, which has been since so conspicuously display'd, was visibly perceiv'd in the little Vixen when but in Hanging-Sleeves, she being even at those callow Years, haughty and impatient of Contradiction.

Forced by the Frowns of Fortune, her Father and Mother left *Shrewsbury*, came to *London*, and brought her with them, she being then not above Three Years Old. Her Father, to shield himself from his clamorous Creditors, entered himself in the Foot-Guards, and became an Inhabitant of the Parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, where he follow'd his Trade of a Bricklayer, and having formerly been pretty Conversant among the *Country-Attornies*, as an Addition to his own Business, set up likewise for a *Sollicitor*.

At about Nine Years of Age, *Sally* was put Apprentice to a Sempstress in *Duke's-Place*, near *Aldgate*, to learn *Plain-Work*, &c. and the Females of her Acquaintance declare her to be an excellent

cellent Needle-Woman. But having the Misfortune to lose a Piece of Lace, of a considerable Value, she ran away from her Mistress, and never more returned.

At the very budding of her *Puberty* *SALLY* commenc'd *Woman*, and the first Use she made of her *Needle* was at her Mother's Expence; who one Day found her sitting under a Table very busy at Work, in altering a *Petticoat* which she had purloin'd from her, and from which she had cut off above a Quarter of a Yard of its *length*, to make it sizeable for her self. This Fact, as she has often declared to an intimate Friend, was to deck her out for a *Hopping-Ball*. The *Petticoat*, she says, was a *Stuff-Sattinet*, the richest Garment her Mother had ever been Mistress of. Dress and Dancing were the sole Youthful Delights of our *SALLY*, and she never wanted a Gallant, suitable to her Years, to introduce her into every *Hop* of Eminence about the Town; it being her Ambition always to be Fine, in order to attract the Hearts as well as the Eyes of her little Votaries.

But for this heinous Offence, the Cholerick Old Don her Father, highly incen-

sed to see his Wife's Wardrobe so unmercifully abus'd led her into the Cellar, strip'd her, ty'd her to the Stairs-Foot, and severely Disciplin'd her with a Horse-Whip, and intended to leave her all Night in that Condition, threatening her with a *Second Part* to the *Same-Tune* the next Day. To avoid which, poor little Miss, very vigorously employ'd both Tooth and Nail, and found means, tho' with much difficulty, to get loose, watch'd her Opportunity, made an Elopement, and was not heard of for some time,

Her first Place of refuge after this Escape, was with Mr. *P—r G—b* (and *Teddy* his Wife, it seems commonly so call'd) a Hatter in the *Hay-Market*; who hospitably entertain'd, and gave her part of their own Bed, till the inconvenience she put them to, oblig'd her to think of some Method for her own Support, without being troublesome to her Friends; or, as the saying is, *to ride a free Horse to Death.*

Now it was, History relates, that she apply'd her self to the *Coster-Mongers* in *Covent-Garden*, with whom she traded for the *delicious Fruit* of *China*. From the natural Mercurial Briskness of her

'Temper, a sedentary Life had ever been her Aversion, wherefore she rather chose to follow the Fortunes of a *Wheel-Barrow*, than those of a *Distaff*; daily, charming the Ears of the Publick with the Tune-able and Melodious Cry, of, *Come who throws here? Who Ventures for an O-RANGE?* But to give this Fact another Turn, Mrs. *Salisbury* of late Years, whenever reproach'd for her haughty *Airs*, and put in mind of her pristine Vocation, would always evade it, as she did once, in particular, to a Person of Quality, in my hearing; by her Insolence and ill Language, the young Nobleman being justly provok'd to upbraid her with driving that *Vehicle*— She pertly reply'd, *D—n you for a Pimp*— (her usual Phrase) *I never had any thing to do with a Wheel-Barrow, but what you or the best of you all might have done; I only play'd at it, when a Child, for my Diversion.*

Tho' to shew her *Lore* of *Variety*, even in her *Employments*, many living Witnesses don't stick to say, that at different Seasons of the Year, she shell'd *Beans* and *Pease*, cry'd *Nose-gays* and *News-Papers*, peal'd *Walnuts* made *Matches*, turn'd *Bunter*, &c. well knowing that, *a wagging Hand always gets a Penny.*

It

It was some Time before her Father found her out, but after long Search, and much Inquiry, he at length met with her: At first Sight he loaded her with a Million of Reproaches for stealing and spoiling his Wife's *Holyday-Petticoat*, and at the same Time charg'd her with a Theft of far greater Consequence; alledging, That he had been robb'd of Twenty Pounds in Specie, and that no body could have it but She. This Part of the Accusation (as she still does) *SALLY* very stiffly deny'd; and several, who were no Strangers to the Family's Circumstances at that Juncture, aver'd, that there was very little probability of Mr. *PRIDDON*'s having such a Sum in his Custody.

As I shall have Occasion to mention her Parents hereafter, upon many Accounts, I will not, in this Place, detain the Reader with any farther Domestick Quarrels, or any more of our *SALLY*'s Childish Pranks; but will proceed to the next Stage of her Life, wherein she began to cut something of a Figure, and wherein I my self had the Honour of her Acquaintance.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

*How she came to Mother WISE-
BOURN, and how she went
from her.*

FORTUNE, the constant *Landress* of the Fair,
Soon pointed out our *SALLY's* lucky Star:
MUSE stop a while (for thou hast Cause to Mourn)
And shed a Tear o'er Pious *WISEBOURN's* Urn,

Thou Mem'able *Anchor* of Hope,
To all *Blooming Virgins*,

Light lye the Earth upon Thee. ———

Thou *BALM* of *GILEAD* to all *Love-sick Swains*,
Permit a Votary to sing thy Praise;
To shield thy Mem'ry from th' *Opprobrious Pen*
Of *Mercenary Impotence*, and *Vile Detraction*.*

Within thy *Walls* the *RICH* were ever pleas'd,
And from thy *Gate* no *LAZAR* went unfed!
South-Sea Directors might have learnt from Thee
How to pay Debts, and wear an honest Heart!
From Thee the *Lawyer* might have learnt strict Justice,
Thy Hand ne'er grasp'd a *CLIENT's* Fee in vain;

And

* Alluding to an Account of her Life, wherein the Scribler
has not inserted one Paragraph of Truth.

And when the Cash *ran low* and Blood *ran high*,
 The Man in such a Plight thy Bounty felt!
 Thy Darling Girls were offer'd to his view,
 And with the Chosen Nymph to Bed he flew.

A Learned Italian, (my much honoured Friend) now residing here, has been pleased to give these Lines an easy Latin turn, wherein I am certain he has infinitely obliged the Publick, and far exceeded my poor Original.

Arridens semper Nymphis Fortuna decoris
 Quam favit Sars? Quam Miria sidera Cæli?
 Sis te gradum Musa O! namq; est tibi causa dolendi
 Atq; pios cineres defunctæ plange *Maria*.
 Anchora tu Cunctis, Statio & bene-fida puellis
 Sit tibi terra *Levis*; Tu dulcis amantibus ardor
 Auxilium & præsens: Votum concede precantis
 Sincerum; Liceat laudes celebrare & Inermes
 Reddere, qui famam mordent, & vulnera sævi
 Intentant. Opibus semper placere beatis
 Expansæ portæ; hinc nullus discessit Egenus
 Larranti Stomacho. Pelagi queis credita cura
 Austrini justos potuissent solvere nummos
 Discere, si nossent vestigia nota secuti,
 Justitiam & moniti, queis summa Scientia Legum
 Cum *Venus* Extentas Urgeret Sanguine Venas
 Firmorum Juvenum, nummorum nullus in arca
 Et Numerus; rebus miseris tu semper in arctis
 Perfugium solum: placidum ascenditq; Cubile
 Lecta fuit quæ Nympha decens, volucrisq; furori
 Indulxit socius, sociisq; amplexibus hæsit.

I think my self oblig'd to beg Pardon for this Soliloquy ; but having often been one of the Penny-less Class of Mortals above describ'd, and shar'd her generous Benevolence, I could not forbear offering this Tribute of Gratitude to her Ashes, for which Reason I hope to obtain Forgiveness: And now, like a serviceable Nag upon the Road, after the Refreshment of a good Bait, I promise the Reader to jog merrily on.

Who first gave our *SALLY* a *Green-Gown* is uncertain, but it is reported by many, and more particularly by one of the most reputable Inhabitants of that Neighbourhood, that upon being admitted an Honorary Member of Mrs. *Wisebourn's* Academy, she was, (tho' very indifferently) arrayed in *that Colour*, and by the tatter'd Condition of her Vestments, it was generally believed, that our venerable Matron, of pious and charitable Memory, had redeem'd her (as she had before done a Legion of other distressed Nymphs) from Bondage, into which it was said she had been cast by the Inhumanity of some Narrow-Soul'd, merciless Creditor, whose Age and Avarice had rendered him as insensible to Generosity, as he was to the
at-

attractive Charms of *SALLY*, then in the bloom of Fifteen.

But the *Hospitable Dame*, conceiving mighty Hopes from *SALLY*'s promising Air and Mein, soon rigg'd her out fit to adorn the *Side-Box* at an *Opera*. From her own Mouth we learn, that an antiquated Doctor of Physick in *Beaufort-Buildings*, extremely smitten with her Youth and engaging Aspect, was the first who became her ardent Suitor, and for the *Last Favour*, tipp'd her, as Hansel, Two *Shining HALF-CROWNS*, the greatest Sum she declares she had, till then, ever been Mistress of, is

FAME says, She could not boast of very many Triumphs, before she fell into the Hands of an *uncautious, brooding Libertine*, who had like to have made her fall a Victim to the *Tomb of Venus*: But the *Sons of Galen and Hippocrates* still prov'd her best Friends; for notwithstanding the *Inspection* and *Circumspection* of the vigilant Governess, (whose Care was so great to keep every thing safe and sound; That she us'd often to say of her Girls, *These Chitty-Faces make me undergo more Fatigue than a Vintner's Boy, for I scower their Insides as clean, every Night, as if I*

D

made

made use of Shot and a Bottle-Brush.)
 The Fire alas, broke out! and Mrs. WISE-
 BOURN had immediate Recourse to
 her Never-failing Engine Mr. W—— an
 eminent Surgeon in the Strand. To use
 SALLY's own Phrase, after having *Spit a*
little for a Complexion, she retired to the
 purifying Air of KENSINGTON
 Gravel-Pits, under the Tuition of Mrs.
 L—T B—T, a City-Sempstress, where we
 will leave them a while, and relate a
 short Story as told by her Surgeon. who

He says, That tho' he had the Care of
 the whole College, it chanc'd to be
 so full, at the Time of SALLY's
 Mishap, and so anxious was Mrs.
 WISEBOURN for her Welfare,
 that she would not, by any means,
 be perswaded to let her go out of the
 House, tho' there was so little Room in
 it, that she was forc'd to go through the
 whole Operation, of a Flux in an old
 Elbow-Chair which was plac'd just under
 the Jack, in the Kitchen. Yet though
 this skilful Artist made all the Dispatch
 which could reasonably be expected in
 such a Case, the Good-natur'd, Com-
 passionate Matron thought it very to-
 didious; and would frequently break out
 into this Pathetick Exclamation; *Poor*
Crea-

Creature! She has pay'd dearly for that unlucky Bout! besides her loss of Time, she was Five Weeks, Two Days, One Hour and a Half doing Pennance, from her first lying down till her going A-broad,

But to return to our *Fair Sufferer*: Expresses daily past to, and from *KENSINGTON*, and in less than a Month News was brought to Mrs. *WISEBOURN*, that as *SALLY* and Mrs. *B-T* were taking the Air in *HYDE-PARK*, a Man of Quality was struck to the Heart by the bewitching Glances of the scarce recover'd *SALLY*, and instantly avow'd his sudden Flame, which could not be extinguished. For *ORONTUS*, a Person of Superior Distinction, at that Time, possessed the Charmer. Fame reports, that Mrs. *Mary Davls* living near the *Seven-Dials*, was the Plenipo, who Negotiated this Affair with Mrs. *Wisobourn*, and first made Mrs. *Salisbury* happy in the Embraces of a Peer. But Honour is Sacred, and we must go no farther.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE HISTORY OF THE LADY OF THE MANSION

*The Spring had, now, restor'd her drooping
 (Bloom,
 Re-animated her decaying Fires;
 And made her shine a-new to bless Man-
 (kind.*

In a few Weeks she left *Kensington*, and removed to *Villiers-Street* in *Tork-Buildings*; where, a Sumptuous Apartment was fitted up for her Reception. Here, *ORONTUS* and the *Fair-One* revelled in Delights, and her Youth made him Vigorous even in his Declension.

There let them rest a while, another Scene just opening to our View. Long had the Gay and Amorous Young-Nobleman, (who was wounded in *Hyde-Park*, as above related) stood in suspense as to his Fate in the Passion he had entertain'd for the Beauteous *SALLY*. Whole Nights and Months he sigh'd in vain, till at length that necessary Implement, an *Exchange-Woman*, wrought the Cure. An Interview was appointed, and the punctual *SALLY* met; the Emotions on both sides, were too great to be express'd, tho' the Pain *CURALIO* felt (for such is his Name) was somewhat alleviated by a genteel Salute, with

with which the glowings of her Cheek and Heart kept equal Pace. For tho' *ORONTUS* always Descended in a *Golden-Shower*, the Youth and Beauty of *CURALIO*, scarcely arriv'd at Manhood, appear'd to her like another *Adonis*, (as she had often declar'd before this Meeting) and was the sole Object of her Wishes.

CURALIO made many Proposals, but she refus'd all Offers except that of a signal for an Affignation; no sooner was the Time and Place appointed, but she appear'd flush'd with Pleasure.

*The God of Love sat Basking in her Eyes,
Resolv'd like Venus to obtain the Prize.*

Thus looking, thus wishing, each went a different way; *CURALIO* to his restless Pillow, and the *Blood-Warm'd-Fair*, to the wither'd *ORONTUS*.

But e'er Three Suns had roll'd, Affairs of State requir'd the Attendance of the Sage Adviser: *ORONTUS* high in the favour of his Royal Mistress, posted for *Windsor*, where, in *Debate*, we'll leave Him.

Fortune

Fortune being thus propitious, a Mes-
 senger was instantly dispatched to *CUR-
 ALIO*, with the Joyful News of the
 Departure of *ORONTUS*, and that
 He would be at least Ten Days Absent.
CURALIO, like Lightning, flew to his
 most *Adorable Fair*; and by her Contri-
 vance (Females being ever most expert
 in *Love Affairs*) hastened with an appointed
 Guide to the intended Scene of *Consum-
 mation*. Three Days had they been
Fortune's Favourites, and on the Fourth,
 the same Guide, who had been the Con-
 ductor of *CURALIO*, brought News
 of *ORONTUS's* Return. The Mes-
 senger was in the greatest Consternation
 as well as the *Happy Pair*, tho' to their
 great Satisfaction, they were assured,
 that *ORONTUS* was dispatched to
 the *Secretary's-Office*, where the Import-
 tance of the Affair he was entrusted with,
 would detain Him some Hours; by which
 means the *Lovers* had the Opportunity
 to make another Assignment, and to part
 in the most Agreeable manner, *CUR-
 ALIO* to his own House; and the well-
 pleased *SALLY* to her Apartment
 in *Tork-Buildings*. Every hand was em-
 ploy'd to put Things in a suitable Deco-
 rum, for the Reception of *ORON-
 TUS*, who was every Minute expected,
 and

and in a few Hours arrived. Upon the first sight of Him *SALLY* very Artfully began to bemoan his Absence, seemed Transported with his Return, and the Peer immediately made *Politiicks* give way to the *God of Love*, repeating these Lines of my Lord *Rochester*.

Cupid and Bacchus my Saints are,
 May Drink and Love still reign;
 With Wine I wash away my Care,
 And then to Love again.

Happy *ORONTUS*! and yet more happy *SALLY*! whose late *Stollen Pleasures* with *CURALIO*, were as *Successful* as they had been delicious, and whose *Joys* as yet, knew no *Interruption*.

But *Decency*, for a while, requiring me to withdraw; I will now entertain the Reader, with an Account of *SALLY*'s *Religion*, as communicated to me by *RENATO*,

CHAP.
 of a Couple of Clergymen, the one was a young man, the other, the
 Reverend

CHAP. III. Of Her RELIGION, and POLITICKS.

SIR,

FEARING lest your other Cor-
respondents should neglect making a
Diligent inquiry into the *Principles of*
Religion, which possess the Mind of our
Modern Heroine, I conceive it my Duty,
out of the Love I bear to Truth, (*Truth*
being the most material Thing which
ought to be regarded in *History*) to give
you the justest Account, that I have been
able to collect.

Her Parents educated her according
to the Doctrine of the *Church of Eng-
land*, as it is taught in the General, *viz.*
to *protest against the Pope and Popery*,
which she most Religiously practised 'till
she enter'd the 22d Year of her Age;
when an Accident brought her into the
Company of a Couple of *Clergymen*, dis-
guised in *Secular Habits*, The one was a
Venerable Old Nonjuror, the other, the
Reverend

Reverend Dr. . . . Dean of — the good Matron who kept the House was perfectly well acquainted with them both, and privately told *SALLY* who they were; her little Breast immediately burnt with a Desire, (as she Phras'd it) of *throwing in a Bone for them to pick*. She put on a grave Countenance, and with an Air of sincerity told them, she had for some time been perplex'd with a scruple, concerning a Relation of hers, who had lately taken the Oaths for a Benefice in the Country of 75 *l. per Annum*, after his having refused them for Sixteen or Seventeen Years; The Gentlemen seem'd equally surpris'd at this unexpected Attack, they cast an Eye at each other for some time, with Looks which discover'd much disorder of Mind, and after about Nine Minutes Silence, the Dean ask'd her, *Why her Relation's having taken the Oaths, to the QUEEN his Lawful Sovereign, should cause scruples to arise in her Mind?* The words *Lawful Sovereign*, Cut the Nonjuror to the very Soul, he could no longer conceal his Resentment, but with the usual *Heat of Party* charged the Dean: The Dean being of the safest Side, answer'd him as *warmly*, to which the Nonjuror as *briskly*

Reply'd: But I think it not to my purpose to give the particulars of their Argument, it is sufficient to let you know that the next Morning *SALLY* declar'd *she was of the ORTHODOX CHURCH of ENGLAND, as it stood before the REVOLUTION*, nor do I think it needful to Inquire whether her *Conversion*, came from the force of the *Nonjuror's* Argument, the *Strength* of his *Back*, or the *Depth* of his *Purse*; but a *Convert* it seems she was, and for a Month after there was no keeping *Mrs. Malapert* Company in Peace, she was eternally putting forth her *Impertinent Interrogatories*; such as *Who Murder'd the KING I pray? What right had Oliver Cromwell to do as he did?* Nay, sometimes she would bring out a Word something like *Abdication*, in this manner, *Yes, yes, ABDILLICATION was of great use to you, &c.* In short by all the Accounts that I have been able to gather, Her *Conversion* was *sincere*, and her *Sentiments* remain as *firm* as a *Rock*: 'Tis true, there are some that take the Liberty of saying, she has frequently *waver'd*, sometimes, towards *Papery*, at other times towards *Presbytery*; but there are none so hardy as to say positively she

she has been totally Changed. There-
fore I desire, she may be Recorded ac-
cording to her own Account, *A Member*
of the Orthodox-Church of England, as
it stood before the REVOLUTION.
I am,

SIR,

Your most obliged Servant

Jan. 12. 1723.

RENATO.



E 2

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

*Containing, The New-Market
Progress ; The Adventure
of Baron F-----, &c.*

L E T T E R I.

IN the Year 1713, the late Earl of C—, Memorable for nothing more than his great Love of fine Horses, and Whores, and Aversion to Honest Women, going to the Meeting at *New-Market*, took with him in his Chariot *Sally Salisbury*, and another Harlot, named *D—y*, upon whose Laps for want of room at the Seat, he rode all the way thither ; one of which he called his *Black*, the other his *Fair Cat*. For the Favours of their Company his Lordship promised, and they expected, very bountiful Presents, but losing all his Matches, and the rest of his Money at Play, he could not perform his Promises, which so enraged the *Viragoes*, that one Evening, his Lordship coming home very Drunk,

Drunk, they put him to Bed, but instead of going to him as they were wont, they ty'd him therein, then beat and scratch'd him unmercifully, and afterwards rifled him of his Gold-Watch, Diamond-Buttons, Gold-Buckles, Sword-Hilt, and all other Valuable Moveables, which having done, and lock'd him in, they went a Caterwauling to other Cullies, to whom they told (and made a Jest of) the Story: With these they staid till Three a Clock next Morning, when a Stage-Coach going through the Town, they took Places and went to *London*, with what they had got of these Cullies, and by plundering his Lordship, who knew nothing of his Loss 'till next Morning, though it was before that time the Talk and Jest of the whole Town, and his *Cats* got too far off to be overtaken.

To Captain WALKER,

SIR, The above is matter of Fact, and, if put in a proper Stile may deserve a place in the Memoirs; for which purpose 'tis Communicated to you, by your unknown Friend

J. S.

Jan. 7. 172¹.

-T H I

L E T-

LETTER II.

SIR,

SINCE I saw your last Advertiſement, wherein you deſired the Continuance of my Correſpondence, I have taken the Pains to enquire into a Story, which when told, I believ'd to be Romantick; but finding the material part to be Matter of Fact, I ſhall, to oblige you, Pen it: 'Tis too long for the ſpare time I've upon my Hands at preſent, ſo ſhall bring or ſend it to Mr. Jones to Night, or to Morrow, and hope 'twill be acceptable to you, and Diverting to your Readers. I ſhall endeavour to meet you next Week, but cannot yet appoint the Time,

Who am your humble Servant

F. S.

To Captain Walker, Jan. 15.
1723, Friday 3 o'Clock.

LET.

LETTER III.

SIR,

'T WAS not my Design to have troubled you any farther, but you having desir'd I would continue my Correspondence (such as it is, is at your Service.)

This therefore acquaints you that soon after your Advertisement (wherein you acknowledg'd the receipt of my first Letter) was publish'd, a merry Friend and I meeting accidentally, he thus accosted me, D—n it *Jack*, the Sight of your ill-natur'd Phiz, puts me in mind of an Advertisement I've seen of a Captain's, who designs to Oblige the Town with the Memoirs of *Sally Salisbury*, and the Initial Letters of your Name being therein mention'd, I dare venture my Soul to a Dish of Coffee, that the Letter mention'd, which he assures shall be inserted, is the History of her *New-Market Progress*, which you in a fit of the Spleen have pen'd and sent: Could I sit down to write, I could send him a Story of her, which might, if he wanted matter, help to fill up his Memoirs, but

on

as

as that can't be the Case, and I am too Volatile to sit still a Minute, I'll relate it to you *En passant*, and you may communicate it to the Captain if you think fit. I desir'd him to proceed, which he did, viz.

Antoine Baron *de F*—g, being a Younger Son of a Noble Family in — was Educated in a College of *Jesuits*, and design'd for an Ecclesiastick; but that Life not agreeing with him, he quitted the College, by which he disoblig'd his Friends, and being reduc'd to great Straits, to raise some Money, he wrote a Book against that *Fraternity*, which had the desir'd Effect; but it so exasperated their Order, that, to avoid their Fury, he found himself oblig'd to quit his Country, and getting into *Spain*, serv'd as a Voluntier under King *CHARLES*, till in an Engagement he receiv'd a Musket-Ball through the Body, but recovering, was rewarded with a Commission, which he held till the Wars were at an end; when not daring to stay in that, or any other Neighbouring Bigotted Country, he came to *England*. Long he had not been here, before he had a desire to Engage in the Field of Love with an *English* Woman; and by a Servant or Interpreter he

he hired; had the Damn'd ill Luck to be introduc'd to the Heroine of the History; or Memoirs now going to be publish'd; wonderfully was he pleas'd with her Person, Carriage; and Embraces; and accordingly rewarded her; but in Five Days he found himself in such a Condition, as gave him occasion to Curse their *Rencontre*, and imploy a Surgeon: Long did he endeavour to meet her again, not to engage her Amorously as before; but to Chastise her; at length he happen'd a *Revoir son Enemi*, (but the Cure being effected, and the plague and thoughts of Physick over) he before he made the Onset, thus (by his Interpreter) began to parly, ' You Damn'd Confound-
' ed Pocky Whore, I am glad we are
' met, for now will I give you as many
' Stripes as I've taken Pills, Bolus's, and
' other Hellish Slip-flops on your account,
then with Cane, uplifted, going to Strike,
the Cunning Jilt Clasped him and his
Battoon in her Arms; and feigning a
Cry, thus spoke, ' Dear Sir, hear me,
' and hear me out, and then I'm sure in-
' stead of beating, you'll not only par-
' don but pity me.' Her sham Tears
moved the Baron, who then reply'd,
' Well, let me go; speak on, I'll hear
' you;' when, both sitting down, she thus
pro-

proceeded, ' You must know, Dear Sir,
 ' that I, unhappy Creature, am the un-
 ' fortunate Off-spring of a good Family;
 ' but my Father, being an extravagant
 ' Man, spent his Estate, dy'd and left
 ' me Destitute, Pennyles, and almost di-
 ' stracted, not knowing which way I should
 ' be supported; for my Education was such,
 ' as had not qualified me any way to get
 ' a Living; sometimes I had thoughts to
 ' get into Service, out of the sight of
 ' those that knew my Birth, and to con-
 ' tinue as I then was, Chaste and Honest;
 ' but too soon, alas! those Thoughts
 ' vanish'd, and I found my Spirit too high
 ' for Servitude, at other times (knowing
 ' the *Catholicks* were Conspicuous for
 ' Charity, especially to Converts) I had
 ' Thoughts to turn *Roman*, profess my
 ' self inclin'd to a *Religious Life*, and
 ' hoped to obtain Letters of Recom-
 ' mendation, and thereby admission into
 ' some *Convent* Abroad, but reflecting that
 ' that would be a work of Time, and
 ' upon serious examination of my self,
 ' finding I had not a *bit of Nun's Flesh*
 ' about me, I laid aside that design; a-
 ' bout that time a Man of Quality
 ' liking my Person, and believing my
 ' Circumstances would make the Con-
 ' quest easy, laid Siege to me, attack'd
 ' me with Gold and Rhetorick, which
 ' (I

(I not knowing what else to do) soon
 made me beat the *Commander*, and Sur-
 render up *Port Virgin*, on Condition
 that he should hold Possession, allowing
 me an Annual Stipend, he is too enter-
 prizing a Warrior that way, and hap-
 pening not long since to Storm a *Rotten*
Port, I soon suffer'd by his Misfortune,
 and you (unknown to me then) by mine;
 thus, Sir, have you heard the Truth,
 which I hope will move you to Pardon
 and Pity, which if you grant, to make
 amends to a Gentleman I adore, and un-
 wittingly injur'd, I (being perfectly re-
 cover'd) offer and hope you'll accept the
 use of my Person now, and whenever
 you please, gratis, which I do assure
 you, I shall esteem as the greatest hap-
 piness. The Credulous Baron thus mol-
 lified, first kindly embrac'd her, and
 then instead of a *Wooden*, made use of
 his *Carnal-Weapon*, which being over, and
 a Supper providing at his Expence, the
 Designing Jade (resolving Revenge, for
 his having put her in bodily fear) thus
 began a fresh Discourse, My dearest
 Baron, I'm so Enamour'd with your Per-
 son and Embraces, that (as you are a
 Foreigner) the fears of your leaving
England, are to me an uneasiness, and I
 should account it my greatest Happiness,

' were I assur'd of your stay, that I might oft
 ' Enjoy you, were you inclin'd that way :
 ' I could, nay would (on Condition, that
 ' it might be no hindrance to the having my
 ' Joys which you oft very oft reiterated)
 ' propose a means to keep you here, if your
 ' taking to Wife an *English* Woman of
 ' good Extraction, with Beauty and
 ' Fortune enough to make you live in
 ' Ease and Plenty would do it, *Speak,*
 ' *Speak on my Charmer,* says the Baron, in
 ' an Extasy (who doubtless wanted, and
 ' thereby hoped to mend his Fortune) *and*
 ' *I'll do as you shall advise, esteem my self*
 ' *infinitely happy, and promise never to*
 ' *leave your Country, nor your dear self.*
 ' Know then (*says she*) that there is a
 ' certain young Lady, who, to avoid be-
 ' ing obliged (by the Force or Intreaty
 ' of her Father) to Marry a disagreeable
 ' Person, is fled from him, and is *incog.*
 ' where few besides my self have access
 ' to her; She is a Virgin about Seven-
 ' teen, and not suspecting I am otherwise,
 ' puts great Confidence in me; she has in
 ' her Possession, Jewels, &c. to a Con-
 ' siderable Value, and 12000*l.* left her
 ' by a Relation, which no body can hinder
 ' her of, at the Age of 21, or Day of Mar-
 ' riage, she is Amorous, and Ambitiously
 ' inclin'd, and I am of Opinion, a Man of
 ' your

your Mien and Quality might easily gain
 her Person and Fortune; in which I
 will assist you to the utmost, and when
 you think fit will introduce you to her;
 as you speak *French*, which she does
 not at all understand, I will pretend to
 do so to, and to interpret between you,
 'Let your Gesture be but Amorous e-
 nough, and leave the rest to me.' This
 being agreed to be put in Execution
 next Night, 'tis now proper to inform
 you, that the sham Fortune was Daugh-
 ter to a Gardiner, and Apprentice to an
 Embroiderer, from whose Service *SALLY*
 had inticed her, and Sold her Maiden-
 head to my Lord ——— The Girl thus
 debauch'd, and made fit for the Game,
 got her self Rigg'd handsomely by
SALLY's Tallyman, but not keeping up
 to her Weekly-payments, was at the
 time obliged to abscond, for fear of being
 Arrested, and in this her Retirement, that
 unfortunate Baron was introduc'd, and
SALLY so managed matters, that at
 the third Visit they were privately mar-
 ried, the Wedding Night being over,
SALLY, to compleat her Revenge, ad-
 vised the Tallyman to Arrest the Bride-
 groom, which (as he was going to de-
 mand his Wife's Fortune, and before
 Honey-Moon was over) was done, the
 Bayliffs

Bayliffs kept him in their Custody, whilst his Money and Moveables lasted, then put him into *Newgate*, from whence by Contribution he got removed to the *Fleet*, and there lay in a Starving Condition, till by Virtue of the last *Act of Insolvency* he was discharg'd; he was a perfect Master of the *Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian* and *Spanish* Tongues; and having learnt tollerable *English* in Prison, he became qualified for, and is now an Interpreter about this Town, to any Foreigner that will imploy him, and by this (because for the Reasons above, he dare not go home) He gets his Livelihood at *Court*, and the *Baroness* hers in the *Hundreds of Drury*.

I am Sir, Your

Friend and Servant unknown

J. S.

LET-

LETTER IV.

SIR,

IF you think it worth your while,
to insert the following short Tale,
in the Life of the Famous Mrs. *Sarah*
Salisbury, 'tis at your Service, and,
Probatum est.

A certain Comedian, in his Days of
Pleasure, having been acquainted with
the aforesaid *Heroine*, found his Amour
unfortunately attended by a *Clap*, in re-
turn of which, he took an Opportunity,
upon the Stage, of saying somewhat, that
almost, as bitterly stung her Ladyship,
and the Eyes of the whole Audience
were immediately fix'd on her; not long
after, they met at the Masquerade,
where, with great Scorn, she flung from
him, and, in the Saucy Tone of a fine
Lady, call'd him *Player*! he reply'd
our Professions, Madam, are very like
one another, any one may see the best we
can do for Half a Crown.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant

N. P.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

Of her *DANCING* for a
SMOCK at the *BATH*, &c.

SIR,

IN my first Letter I promis'd you some Facts, relating to (our at present unfortunate) *SALLY*, which happen'd to her in the gayer Seasons of Life, when she revell'd at large among Mankind, and made greater Captives in the wide World, than she her self is now, in the narrow Walls of a Solitary Prison, and I am now going to be as good as my Word.

The Common Town-talk of her Crying *News-Papers*, Selling *Oranges*, and many other Things of the like kind; in the way of *Low-Life*; may be learn'd in every particular Article, from the Mouths of all the Good-Natur'd Females of her standing, within the extensive Liberty of the *Hundreds* of *Drury*, and is quite foreign to my present Purpose; I shall therefore begin with a Relation that
 made

made her first talk'd of, with agreeable Pleasure by the better sort, and that is contain'd in the Story of her *Dancing* for a *Smock* at the *Bath*.

Indeed this little Fragment of diverting History is pretty generally known; but it is however very seldom related with that Truth and Justice, which ought to attend such an important part of her Life, as first plac'd her in a distinguishing'd point of Sight, at that most remarkable and most remarking Place, which is more publick than any Town, or even City in all *England*, (I except not our dear wicked *Metropolis* it self) and therefore I shall lay before you this observable Adventure inside out, exactly as it happen'd.

Proclamation (you must know) was made in very Solemn manner and Form, by beat of Drum and sound of Trumpet, that a *fine Holland Smock*, richly trimm'd at the Bosom and Sleeves, with *Mechlin-Lace*, was to be Danced for in the Town of *Bath*, on such an appointed Day; that there were Constituted a certain Number of Nice and Critical Judges of the activity of the Heels, the Air, the Attitude, the Mien, and Deportment

of the whole Body; and, that the Prize was to be borne away by the happy Lass, to whom it was adjudged due by the Majority of Voices, given by the aforesaid Gentlemen so deeply Read, and so profoundly Learned in the great Science of *Podosophy*.

Many and many Days did the alarming Drum beat, and the shrill Trumpet found, before the *Female Trophy*, which was supported on the Top of a broken Pike, with a Cross Bar that held out the Ruffled Arms of the *Smock*, adorn'd with Ribbons, by a Man on Horseback. Every Maid at every fresh Alarm flew to the Bare, their Bosoms all beat and panted with Emulation, much for the Prize, but still much more for the publick Applause of People of Distinction, that was certain to follow it; Numbers of them having promised to Honour and Felicitate the Entertainment with their Presence. Several of the Lasses could not help humming over the Tunes of the most Celebrated Rigadoons, and Minuets, and shaking their Legs to keep Time with the Musick of their Tongues, as the People pass'd, by way of prelude to a Victory.

At

At length the wish'd for Day appointed came, the Assembly of Spectators and Judges was Conven'd, and the Stage laid open for every Fair Pretender who had a Mind to venture Theatrically upon this Occasion.

The Scenes being drawn, Three very fine Damsels (if a finer had not unexpectedly appear'd) came to claim the Prize. One of them was very beautiful in the Face, but her Limbs were not of the exactest formation. The Second was of an agreeable make, but her Face not so agreeable, and her Mein affected. The Third had a fine Complexion, a tempting Face, with all the Bloom of Youth upon it; her Body well proportioned, but only that she was rather too Fat, to perform the Exercise she pretended to with so much Dexterity, as might be expected on such an Occasion; each of them however had their Power in this Faculty of *Dancing*, so well known to the Town, that tho' Hundreds before had resolv'd to try an Experiment for the Prize, yet they all laid aside their design, as soon as they heard that these *Three Celebrated Lasses* had put in for it. In fine, the Judges

had named the Dances, the Musick began to Play, and while the *Three* were disputing which of them first should begin, our *SALLY* enter'd, and an universal Clap welcom'd her Approach on the Stage: She appear'd in a *Smock* as white as her Skin, and adorn'd much like that of the *Trophy*, for which she was to contend; Scarlet Ribbons bound up her Sleeves, her Petticoat was a Flower'd Damask, her Stockings Scarlet, her Shoes Laced and ty'd up with a Green String. Her Rivals ey'd their unexpected Rival with a Conscious fear of her excellence, observing that she had the Perfections of each, without having the Imperfections of any one of them. She went up to them with an Assurance of her own Power, and of her future Success, telling them that she would end the Controversy between them, and *begin* the *first* Dance, provided she might *Conclude* with the *last*. The Proposition was Confirm'd by a Second universal Clap from all the Spectators; and her Rivals, Envious as they were, and Jealous of her future Performance, consented to the Proposal.

She Danc'd, and no sooner had she ended her Part, but the *Three* other Competitors quitted the Stage, upon which the Victory was declar'd to be hers,

hers, without putting any Second Person to the Tryal, (tho' some present offer'd it) which was intirely partial, and contrary to the meaning of the Donor, who presented the *Smock* for the Entertainment of the Town. This Incident made her Fame Celebrated, and her Company Coveted, among some Spectators of Quality that were there, and whom she had particularly distinguish'd, for giving her more than ordinary marks of Applause. She likewise very Craftily and Subtily remark'd those Judges, that were the most for doing her this Favour, and in Gratitude to them, sought their Company that very Night, and thought there was no way of giving them sufficient Thanks, but by granting them the *last favour*. Accordingly *two* of the Partial Judges, with whom I have the honour to be perfectly well acquainted, She, that very Night, and in the self-same Smock, gratify'd to the abundant Satisfaction of them both. To speak a little plainer in the Town Phrase, she lay between them all Night, and proved her self as well vers'd in that part of the Mathematicks, which is necessary for a Lady of Pleasure to know, as if she had studied it all the Days of her Life.

I shall now proceed to another Part of this little History.

Failing in a great measure of the vast Expectations, which she had conceived of picking up some Cully, with a Coat of Arms, and a well Lined Pocket, by means of this publick Applause, she was forced to return at her own Charge to Town, and being exhausted by the Expences of the Journey, as she was complaining of her Ill-Luck to a Fair-fellow Trafficker in Iniquity, she was very happily recommended to that useful Piece of Antiquity Mother *Wisebourn*, a Woman renown'd for her Charitable Disposition; who Commiserating the Unfortunate, took her under her protection.

But the good Matron was soon depriv'd of so inestimable a Treasure; and among Crouds of our *SALLY*'s Admirers, the Eldest Son of a certain Nobleman, silyly found means to give her an Invitation to *Gray's-Inn*, where he had taken Chambers for the Conveniency of the Sport. thither she went, and after a little Refreshment, flew with unusual transport to his Bed, where, by the Accounts given of her by her Bedfellow, one would imagine, that she only, among

mong her whole Sex, had the *Art of Pleasing*.

The Morning following an *Undertaker* knock'd at the Door and ask'd to speak with the Gentleman, the Servant answer'd, *He was a Sleep, and could not be Disturb'd*, the *Undertaker* told him *he must and would speak with him*. This Dispute awaked the Gentleman, and he knowing the Voice, Cry'd *D—n you MATT, What a P—x has brought you hither this Morning?* MATT, in a sniveling Tone answer'd, *My Lord, I am come to Condole with your Lordship, for the Loss of your Father; What a P—x* (says the Lord) *is my Father dead at last then?* With that he jump'd out of Bed, took hold of the Bed-Cloaths at the Feet, and roll'd them up to the Head, which discover'd a most beautiful pair of Legs, Thighs, and so upwards, to her very Bubbies, for the Good-natur'd Creature had pull'd her Shift up to her Arm-pits that it might be no obstacle to their Diversion, this sort of Treatment very much ruffled her Temper, she sprung up, her Hair all flowing about her Shoulders, having lost her Head-Dress in the Encounter, and with, a *G—d D—n you!* *You a Lord, You a Pimp!* says
SALLY

SALLY, to use me in this manner ;
 The young Peer gave her good Words,
 soon pacify'd her, and at length prevail'd
 upon her to get up, and take a Bottle
 with him and *MATT*, for says he, *this*
MATT is the bonestest Fellow in the
World, and by G—d he shall Bury my
Father. *MATT* continued bowing and
 cringing, reply'd, *I am greatly oblig'd to*
your Honour, I am very thankful to your
Lordship, 'till they had guzzled down
 Three or Four Bottles by way of Whet ;
 the Wine had sufficiently warm'd *SALLY*,
 and, all of a sudden, she flew at the
 Poor Undertaker, hit him an unmerciful
 Box on the Ear, *D—n you,* said she,
for a Whining Carrion-hunting Son of a
Bitch! What do you come to trouble us
with your Cant for, and be D—d to
you? Go mind your Insensible Flesh, and
leave my Friend and me to enjoy our
selves! *MATT* immediately took his
 Leave of the Nobleman, and only stop'd
 short at the Door, to tell my Lord he
 would go take Measure of the Corpse,
 and so march'd off.

There goes another Story of her, and her
 Footman, 'tis short, and I think it deserves
 a Place ; it is as follows, As a Gentleman
 was conducting her out of her Lodgings
 into

into a Coach, her Garter happen'd to untie, upon which she faced about to her Lackey, who was following her, pull'd up her Petticoats, and exposing her well-shap'd Leg, &c. to his View, she ty'd on her Garter; when perceiving some uncommon Heavings and Agitations in the Wonder-struck Fellow, she said to him, *D—n you for a Rascal! Is it SO and SO with you? If it be, take that, and go to a Whore; and at the same time gave him a Crown.*

Our *SALLY* having thus, by the Acquaintance of these Noblemen, enrich'd her self, and and being grown a brighter Figure in Life, resolv'd now to visit the *BATH*, in a very different manner from that in which she appear'd there at first: She then courted their Favours, but her Design was now, that they should court hers, &c. in effect the Event answer'd the Intention. A certain *GARTER* pursued her, and address'd her with all the Fervour with which a Youth in Love would sue the Mistress of his Desires, to become the Wife of his Bosom: He begg'd, he beseech'd, supplicated and implor'd, but all in vain. When he found that no Intreaties could prevail upon her, for she with Whorish-Politicks, was as shy, and kept her self at as great a

H

Distance

Distance as if she had been an unspotted Virgin. This unlook'd for Coyness, and Resistance, brought him to Address her in higher Terms, hinting to her the Advantages of submitting to the Will of a Person of his Dignity; upon which she reply'd: *D—n you, my Lord! Do you think this Yard or two of Ribbon can bind me to you? The very Foundress of your Order* bore no other Title, than what is my Common Name; 'Twas from a Garter slipping from her Leg, which a Mighty || King was proud to snatch up, that you derive the Mighty Distance you pretend there is between us: If I am less Beautiful than my Name-Sake, Why should you pursue me with so much Ardour? And if my Charms are equal to hers, Why should you talk of Distance; in regard to that Beauty, for which a King instituted the Order, from whence you derive this Honour? His Grace at last convinced by this, that he could not overcome her by any meer verbal Argument, drew out a more powerful one from his Pocket, and throwing it into her Lap (just as Jove descended in a Shower of Gold upon Danae) made way for himself to a closer Admittance there. In*

* Joan, Countess of Salisbury. || Edward the III^d.

fine, the Nymph receiv'd the Gold, and she receiv'd the Man; and she receiv'd more Gold, and still receiv'd the Man; but when no more Gold was left, she would no more receive the Man. Gall'd and vex'd at this, the Peer said, in Company of some Gentlemen, whom he took to be all Men of Honour, *That SALLY SALISBURY, being a Woman of an Infamous Character; ought not to be admitted into the Publick-Room among so many Ladies of Quality, Honour and Reputation, and still much less into their Private Assemblie.* One of the Gentlemen in the Company, who had not so much Honour, as the Duke imagin'd, reported to *SALLY* his Grace's Invectives against her,

The Night following the *Star* no sooner appear'd, but *SALLY*, with her accustomed Freedom, paid him the usual Compliments, and assur'd his Grace, *That, if she was not intirely convinced of his Grace's good Intentions towards her; a Story, which had been industriously bandied about, would much afflict her, for you are to know, my Lord, said she, Here is a set of Evil-minded, Ill-desighing People, who would have the World believe, that there is not so good an Under-*

understanding between me and your Grace as there really is, The Duke reply'd, He was confident he never said any thing to her Disadvantage; upon which SALLY rejoin'd, My Lord, I am willing to believe as much, for I always thought you a Person of too much Gratitude to say any thing to the Prejudice of a Woman, from whom you have receiv'd so many Favours. To this, said the Duke, whispering, You argue very iustly, SALLY; I would not, nay, I could not use thee so roughly, whom I have us'd so tenderly! But SALLY did not answer him in Whispers; She spoke fairly and openly to him, in the Hearing of the whole Assemblée, in the Publick Room, in these Words; Nay, good my Lord, (clapping her Hand upon his Shoulder) I do not insist upon it, That you did not meerly forbear saying so out of Good-Nature, but I know you to be a Man of too much Policy, Policy I say, my Lord; your Lordship perfectly well knowing, That you can no way reflect upon my Reputation, without casting an equal Odium upon the Memory of your own Mother: Nay farther, my Lord; If you stand upon Distinction, you know your Father got you a Half-Brother, of equal Dignity every way to your self,
by

by a Woman of as Low Degree, but
 equal in Beauty with my self. His
 Grace intreated her to be silent, and
 clapt a Purse into her Hand, full as
 weighty as that which he gave for
 her last favour; thus this Scene con-
 cluded, and with it I conclude my
 Letter.

Tours, &c.

RENATO.



LETTER V.

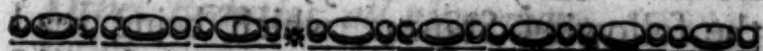
SIR,

A Certain *Beau* being one Evening at Mrs. *SALISBURY*'s Lodgings, had not been there long, before a *Halfpay Officer* also came thither; their unlucky Meeting occasioned great Disputes, both insisted on a Right to enjoy her for that Night; the *Beau*, as first Comer, pleaded, that Priority, Person and good Manners entitled him to the Preference; the *Officer* insisted, that Honour, Wounds, Scars and former Acquaintance gave it him: *Sally* observing that such Cavilling might deprive her of both the Cullies (and some body at that time knocking at the Door) propos'd the Decision might be left to that Person whoever it was, to whom she would recite the Difference, and they should sit silent: This being agreed to, and the Gentleman introduced, it happened to be a Poet who had mistaken her's for another House; to him she recited their Dispute, which having ended, the Poet called for Pen, Ink and Paper, and hoping to find his Account in giving Preference to the *Beau*, and complimenting the

the *Belle*, he wrote the following *Epigram*,
the Publication of which, in *SALLY*'s
Memoirs will oblige

Yours unknown,

PHILO-MUSIS.



B E A U T Y

More Powerful than

W A R

*Let Braves who to the Army go,
Their Courage boast no more;
At Home we greater Danger know,
From Beauty's fatal Power.*

II

*More Deaths fly from fair Sally's Eyes,
Than Conqu'ring Foes can give;
In War, but One, of many, dies,
Here, only One, can live.*

LET

the Belle, he wrote the following Epigram,
 the Publication of which in S. L. T.'s
 Memoirs will oblige

LETTER VI.

SIR, *Your unknown*

A ~~Namorous~~ Friend of mine, Poetically
 given, being captivated by the ce-
 lebrated *Sally Salisbury*, wrote (on her)
 the following Stanzas, which being read
 to me, I found I could not be easy till I
 had seen the Person on whom they were
 so handsom an Encomium. I immediately
 went about it, and met with but very little
 Trouble to get into her Company, and
 much less to get into her ~~Cata~~ *Cata*; and
 tho' I soon after found, that the venomous
 Virago had given me Reason to curse my
 Curiosity, yet as I can and do freely
 forgive her, I know you can and will be
 so impartial, as to give these Lines a Place
 in her Memoirs, and you'll oblige

Your humble Servant

II

Forget and Forgive.

Soon

LET.

*Soon as Phœbus sheds his Beams,
On the Hills and Purling Streams,
The Stars the feeble Night resign,
Nor CYNTHIA's self can longer shine,
But does her borrow'd Power resign.*

*So to your superior Sway,
Other Beauties all give way:
A like Regard to both we show;
He rules above and You below.*



LET

LETTER VII.

SIR,

IN my Juvenile Years I was captivated by the fatal Charms of (that since celebrated Courtezan) *SALLY SALISBURY*: Our Conversation was of some Continuance, but ended, as that of all her other Admirers will do, with the *Deficiency of the Purse*; tho' I must ingenuously acknowledge the chief Motive of my leaving her was the *Present* of a *New-Year's-Gift* she made me; but whether *French* or *Neopolitan*, I leave to the Determination of the *Sons of Galem*. Yet notwithstanding all her Accomplishments, about the Year 1713, a certain Nobleman, among others, was *snar'd* in the same *Ginn*; and if Fame may be credited, still continues her Admirer. By the Sheets you have sent me to peruse, the Account you have given of her Birth and Parentage is pretty exact, tho' Part of her Education is omitted, which was in *Totbills-Bridewell*, and the Cause this.

SALLY, tho' now engross'd by those of
a superior

superior Rank, is yet as common as any of the Sisterhood, who ply in the Hundreds of *Drury*; tho' some have tax'd her with Ingratitude to Mother *Wisebourne*, I can assure you of the contrary, for she hardly let a Week pass without making the Lady *Abbess* and her Nuns a Visit, to regale with a Cup of burnt Brandy. At one of these Nocturnal Festivals your Humble Servant being one of the Company, was alarm'd by those *Religious Officers*, the *Informing Constables*, who decently conducted the whole Clan to a *Westminster* Justice of the Peace. The Rumour of this, soon reach'd the Ears of her pious Parents (for her Mother has been often heard to say that she would not upon any Score be a partaker of the Wages of Sin, tho' it is well known she has frequently strip'd her Children of rich Silks, to make them appear humble in mean Stuffs) they soon appear'd in her behalf before the Magistrate; but his Worship, who had still a Colt's-Tooth in his Head, cast an amorous Leer upon *SALLY*; and, notwithstanding her Mother's canting Excuses, told her she was an impudent Woman to lay Claim to such a Daughter, for that it was plain by her Appearance, Air and Gesture, she must undoubtedly have sprung from the Loins of some Man of Quality,

who had given her a piece of Money for taking Care of her. Let me view her again, *says the Justice*, calling for his Spectacles, and at the same time gave her a gentle Squeeze by the Hand: *Sally*, as she told me herself, was in hopes of rivalling his Worship's Female-Clerk, but the Informers strictly insisting upon her Character, and the infamous Place she was taken in, old *Limberham*, fore against his Inclination, was obliged to commit her to *Totbillfields* Bridewell, but sent a private Order, that she should not by any Means undergo the Discipline of the House, he having a Design to correct her himself in private. Encouraged by his Worship's Treatment, *Sally* whenever she was insulted by her Mother, would damn her with an Air, call her old Bitch, and let her know she had Authority to tell her she was no ways related to her. At some lucid Intervals indeed your *Heroine* would seem very Dutiful, Loving and Condescending, but these uncommon Qualities in her, were intirely owing to herself interested and mercenary Disposition; for many a Guinea has *Sally* got by the kind Concessions of her Mother, who would readily fetch her from her Lodgings to Mrs. *Wisebourn's* or any where else, to earn that Sum; or even a Crown rather than fail. These important

tant Services as well as her Maternal Tenderness to cause Abortion whenever she found her to be with Child, which sad Mishap always put them both into most terrible Apprehensions of spoiling their future Market, ought never to be forgot, though the good old Woman's concern for the Breed was so exceedingly affectionate, that she always preserved the *Embrios* in Spirits: Nor was the Father, as far as his Capacity would reach, a whit the less Serviceable, who being, as you have rightly observ'd, a Military *Faggot*, and a Soldier's Coat carrying a sort of a Terror with it, was frequently sent for to Mother *Wisebourn's*, to frighten and bully young timorous Cullies into a Compliance with her exorbitant Demands, and who were not willing to part with their Gold after Favours received: He was likewise a necessary Utenfil at quelling Disturbances, which at such Houses would commonly arise among his Daughter's Sparks, contending who should have most Share of her good Graces.

What you hinted to me about robbing her Landlord, when she lodg'd at a Brandy-Shop in *New-street* near *Covent-Garden*, is true History. For this Fact she was seized, and brought before Justice S——s, who

who at first refus'd, but at length admitted her to Bail, and this Affair was made up in a Pecuniary-way before the approaching Sessions.

I shall conclude what the present Time permits me to communicate, with the Origin of her Travelling Name of *SALISBURY*; a Tyre-Woman upon cutting her Hair told her (as she relates it) that had she not just before seen the Countess of *SALISBURY* pass by, she should have taken her for her Ladyship; *SALLY* being extremely well pleased with this Compliment, and recollecting the Words which the amorous old Magistrate had said to her Mother, had the Vanity to fancy, that from that imaginary Resemblance, she was sufficiently intitled to assume the real *NAME*.

I am Sir,

Your unfeigned Friend,

And humble Servant

*To Captain Walker,
at Kenfington.*

POLYDOR.

C H A P. VI.

The Adventures of the Grave Signor
GAMBOLINI, and the
 very Merry **BELLE CHUCK**.

SIR,

IN the Reign of her late Majesty Queen **ANNE**, the Gentleman well known by the Name of *Gambolini*, fill'd one of the most considerable Posts under her Administration, and stood high in the Favour of his Royal Mistress. Indeed Men and Women of all Ranks had a value for him, but whether the Esteem of *these* was more properly occasioned by the ardent Passion he was reputed to have for the *Fair Sex*, or the Admiration of *those* for the profound Depth of his *Politicks*, I am not able to determine; but this much is generally allow'd on all Hands, that no Minister was ever more *adroit* in dispatching the *Affairs of the Publick*, or made a more amiable Figure in the *Drawing Room*. A late severe Writer * tells us, that Signor *Gambolini*, was, ' A most profligate Debauchee, and
 ' that

* See, *Court Tales*, pag. 24.

' that one Evening he was observ'd to
 ' pass secretly from an Apartment in the
 ' Palace where his Office was kept, to an
 ' House of Infamy ; and there with two
 ' stale Prostitutes, the Leavings of a Frou-
 ' zy Jew, he spent the whole Night in
 ' Riot and Debauchery ; while his abused
 ' Wife and Family thought him waking
 ' about the Publick Cares, and busied
 ' in Affairs of the highest Importance to
 ' the State. It happen'd that when he was
 ' at this most elegant Retirement, the En-
 ' voy of a Neighbouring Prince sent some
 ' Dispatches to him, to be immediately
 ' communicated to the King. *Gambolini*
 ' heard nothing of either the Envoy, or
 ' the Dispatches. In vain Messengers
 ' flew about the Town to find out this
 ' most indefatigable Minister. The Dis-
 ' patches were laid by unseal'd, and *Gam-*
 ' *bolini*, thoroughly tired with the Labour
 ' of the Night, was put to Bed to the
 ' two Prostitutes, with whom he slept a-
 ' way the next Day ; while the Envoy,
 ' impatient to see himself thus neglected,
 ' publish'd the Contents of his Dispatches
 ' to the World ; who by this Means, saw
 ' them before either *He*, or his *Sove-*
 ' *reign*.

Thus

Thus is *Gambolini* drawn as a *Lover*; let us now survey him as a *Wit* and a *Politician* in which last Capacity another Satyrist declares, that *he was the smartest Fellow of his Time*; * and, continues he, '*Gambolini* is a lusty young Rogue, pamper'd with four Bottles at Night, and clean Diet, which makes him prone to *Carnality*. — He is of a Mercurial Disposition, and his Wit goes off smart and with a Jerk. — And after his Death he assures us, 'That the Dissection of his Abdomen will be of general Entertainment: His Brains will be found situated at the Head of the *Os Pubis*: His Animal Spirits acting more vigorously in that Part, than in the Upper Region. I beg, says he, his Body may not be mangled; but that the Executive Part of it may be consecrated to *Priapus*. Such a Power had *Gambolini* over the Hearts of the Fair-Sex, that the same Author affirms, it was, 'Every Day demonstrated by the young Wenches, handing up to him *Billet Doux* in their Gloves and Handkerchiefs. — It is no Wonder then, that he was in Pursuit of all fresh Game

* The High German, DOCTOR. Vol. I. pag 9, 10.

Game that was started. Thus upon the first Notice, he rous'd *SALLY* from the same Form, where *Orontes* had found her lodg'd, upon which the grave Senator, having private Intelligence, immediately dispatch'd a *Female-Steward*, who paid the Lady Abbess, *Mrs. Wisebourn*, 140 Guineas for her Redemption, and sent her under Guard to *Kensington*, as already related.

But it was not long before *Gambolini* obtain'd an Interview with *SALLY*, and for three Nights Lodging, gave her three Fifty-Pound *Bank-Notes*, adding, that *He would Glut the B—b with Money, could he secure her to his Embraces only.* Tho' *SALLY* fairly gave him to understand, that such Sums were but meer Trifles, in her elegant way of Life,

Shortly after, upon more weighty Considerations, *Gambolini* carry'd off the Prize to his own House, where, no doubt, he thought himself secure for a Time; but *SALLY*, who could bear no Rival, finding by one of the Servants his Love of Variety, and that he had another Mistress under the same Roof, at Night when he came to pay his Adoration to her, as the only Object of his Vows, she, as the Saying

is, *rid' very Rusty*, flew from his detested Embraces, and leapt out of Window in her Smock; this alarm'd the whole Family, and *SALLY*, in making her Escape, meeting *Gambolini's* Lady upon the Stair-Case, related the Story of his Attempt upon her, acquainted her Ladyship, that there was a lew'd Woman in the *Signor's* Appartment, and that, unless speedy Care was taken, the *Marriage-Bed* was in a fair way of being *defiled*.

The good Lady, out of her Compassionate Tendernefs, tho' she had some Suspicion of *SALLY's* Virtue, conducted her to her own Appartment, gave her the best Advice, equipt her for her Departure, sent for her own Chairmen, and order'd them to attend *SALLY's* Pleasure.

This Accident caused a Separation of some Continuance between the *Signor* and *Sally*, but at length falling into a Set of Company, most of 'em Courtiers, at a Tavern near the Royal Palace of *St. James's*, he was told they had a very merry Lady with them, and being ask'd if he would make one at an *Old-Game*, play'd after a *New Manner*; upon consenting, he was introduced. When he enter'd the Room, he found *SALLY* standing upright upon a
K 2 Bed,

Bed, but revers'd, her Head being in the
Place where her Heels should be, she was
honoured with having two PEERS for her
Supporters, each holding and extending a
well lap'd Leg; thus every Admirer pleas'd
with the Sight, pull'd out his Gold, and
with the greatest Alacrity pursued the a-
greeable Diversion.

Between two Marble-Pillars, round and
(Plump,
With Eye intent, each Sportsman took his
Aim;
The merry Chuck-Hole border'd on the
Rump,
And from this Play Sally deriv'd a Name.
Within her tufted Chink, the Guineas shone,
And each that she receiv'd, was all her
(own.
With echoing Shouts the vaulted Chamber
(rung,
Belle Chuck was now the TOAST of
(every Tongue.
Sally no more her Christian Name could boast,
And Priddon too, in that of Chuck was lost.
The Signor with this Appellation pleas'd,
Returning home, his lab'ring Fancy eas'd,
To Prior, writes what's past, and what's to
(come,
Dating the Packet from his Chucky's
(Dum.

* See, The REPORT of the Secret Committee

LETTER VIII.

SOME
SPECIMENSOF HER
INGRATITUDE.

SIR,

Among the many Actions which go into the Composition of a Character so publick and celebrated as that you are treating upon, there are none more worthy our Observation, than those which mark out to us, more immediately, the predominant Inclinations of the *Party*; because they serve to give us a perfect Picture of the *Interior*, and to lay before us, in a clear Light, the Features of the Mind, as discernibly as the *Exterior* Lineaments of the Body appear to the naked Eye.

For this Purpose, I shall throw together some loose Incidents, which will represent her Propensity to Ingratitude, in such lively Colours, that one would be at a stand to guess, whether she took more Delight in receiving Presents of great Value, or in requiting the Donors with Contempt.

If

There is no expressing the violent Avarice that appear'd in *her* on the one Hand, to get whatever she could out of the Persons, that her Charms had any Power over, and she had, on the other Hand, such a Spirit of Profusion, and took such a Wantonness in *Prodigality*, that she seem'd form'd by Nature to make the most exquisite Example of *Consummate Ingratitude*. Hence, in Proportion, as she more or less touch'd the Heart of any Admirer, she got the Command of his Purse, and then made his *Generosity* the Measure of her *Extravagance*.

About a Year, or two ago, a *Man of Quality*, was by her made an exemplary Instance of this Cruelty in her Temper. He had, in the Course of his Pleasures with her, been as Liberal, as a large Fortune and a generous Mind could make him, or even, as her own Request, tho' never so Extravagant, could tempt him to be. If she had granted him a Hundred of her Favours, she had receiv'd Thousands at Times from him, and been as fully requited as any Heart, but her's, could wish.

Content

30 The Gentleman's Affairs having call'd
 him into the Country, they had been absent
 from one another for some time, and their
 first Meeting afterwards happened to be at
Hampstead-Wells, where they were both
 playing at the same *Publick Table*, For-
 tunes of a very different Complection, at
 that time, attended the Lady and her
 Gallant, every Throw of *SALLY*'s
 carried along with it Success, while the
 Gentleman had such a Run of *Ill-Luck*,
 that just when *SALLY* had got a vast
 Heap of Gold before her, he was stript of
 the last Guinea. Hereupon, with a Smile,
 he address'd the *Fair-Banker* on the
 other side of the Table, and desired to be
 her Debtor for Five Pieces only, that he
 might try to give a Turn to Fortune, by
 what he borrow'd from so lucky a Hand,
 She, with a Smile very different from that
 with which he address'd her, play'd upon
 his good Nature with an Air of Haughti-
 ness, and Contempt, saying with a base
 Sneer, That, *it was not lucky to lend Mo-
 ney at Play, and that as she had a Reso-
 lution to get it, she had an equal Resolu-
 tion to keep it*; then sweeping it off the
 Table into her Handkerchief, and shaking
 it, in insolent Triumph, with an extended
 Hand, gave him a side-Look full of Scorn,
 and so march'd off. Thus she left him the
 Object

Object of *Publick Derision*, by way of
Requital for his *Private Favours*.

Her frequent Visiting, the same Summer, the *Wells* at *Hampstead*, drew the Eyes of the *Gamesters* upon her; their Way of Living, she well knew, was better suited with her Extravagance of Temper and Appetite, than any other whatsoever. The Expence which attends Gaming, among Persons who play deep, is daily greater than a very large Estate would allow any private Gentleman to spend. They Riot in Plenty and Luxury beyond the Nobles of the Land, they are more Voluptuous, and more Costly in their Pleasures, than Rakes of any other Class, and 'tis the Study of one Hour, how to make the next the most exquisitely Delightful, be the Expence ever so great. It must be one of this sort of Men, if any could ever do it, that could gratify, to the Height, the varying Inclinations of Mrs. *SALISBURY* to Extravagance, and answer every fresh Call which her Fancy was perpetually making after Novelties of Entertainment. She perceiv'd that Numbers of them had fix'd their *Eyes* upon her, and that their *Hearts* followed their *Eyes*: But as the *Heart* of none of them was valuable to her, but only according

according as the Purse could keep Time with
 its Affections, the Question was, which of
 them she should fix *Her Eye* upon and
 make her Choice. As she was pursuing
 this Track of Thought, she had such a
 discerning Faculty, that she soon pitch'd
 upon the most proper Man for her Purpose.
 He was Elderly, but the Number of his
 Baggs exceeded the Number of his Years;
 yet by Nature Amorous, and his Passion
 was of that sort, which inclining him to
 a kind of *Dotage* upon whatever Object
 he once admired, made him more liable
 to be perswaded out of any thing, and
 more flexible to the Commands of a
 Mistress than a young and vigorous Lo-
 ver. She as soon found out an Oppor-
 tunity of having his Company, of feeling
 his Pulse, and discover'd in him an ex-
 treme Vanity of carrying off such a Prize
 of Beauty as herself, before the many
 longing and desiring Fellows, who were in
 the Prime of their Years, the Blossom
 of their Beauty and the fulness of their
 Strength. She tickled him in this Vein
 of Vanity till she brought it to the
 highest Pitch, and then gratified it in
 Order to have her own Vanity in ano-
 ther way gratified to as high a Degree.

The Consequence. The

The *Old-Gamester*, well known by this Description, was happy in *SALLY*'s Beauty, and *SALLY* was as happy in the Command of *his* Money, as he was in the Possession of *her* Charms. Every young Fellow look'd with an envious Eye upon the Gamester's Felicity, and he enjoy'd their Envy, growing every Day more Vain, as he perceived them grow more uneasy; to make his Triumph, as he thought, the greater, his Mistress must be set up to light in the fairest Point of Lure, no Cost was to be spared for any Ornaments that his *SALLY* fancy'd would make an Addition to her Charms, and render the Person, whom he could enjoy, when he pleased, more Aimable to others, and desirous to Thousands in Vain. Hence it came to pass, that if several Rakes of Quality envied the *Old-Gamester*, with no less Envy did many a Harlot of Dignity, that had her gilded Charriot and her Coat of Arms, look upon *SALLY*, who almost every New-Day appeared in a New-Dress, and outshin'd them all in *Atlases* and *Brocades*. They were now *both* at the height of their Desires, and such is the Vicissitude of Human-Affairs, that, when there is no going higher, a Fall to the other Extream is too generally the Consequence. The
Old-

Old-Gamester had tired out his Vanity with Habit, and one Extravagance, push'd on another, in *SALLY*, and made her every Day more exorbitant in her Demands, till the Old Man grew weary of his Expences and his Dotage together. An unseasonable Accident join'd, at the same time, to forward their Parting; on a Day when the Dice had had a plaguy ill Run, and had sower'd the Old Gentleman's Temper, *SALLY* in great Gaity of Heart, and knowing nothing of his Losses, presented her self before him unluckily in the peevish Minute. She wonder'd to find that *he*, who never dar'd to put on a *displeasing* Look when it was *her* Will to be merry, should return her Smiles with the Frowns of such a lowring Countenance. She peremptorily bid him explain what he meant by that sullen Air of his; He answer'd her as shortly, and as peevishly as she had spoke angrily, That *He had been a Loser at Hazard beyond all Patience, and was not at that time in a Temper to bear Fooler-ies.* *SALLY* hitherto unaquainted with this kind of Treatment, swell'd with Indignation, and in an elevated Tone of Voice made him this Reply. — *I thought till now, I was to be a Partaker of your Pleasures, and not to be troubled with idle Tales of Losses, I can sup-*

pose nothing but that this is some cunning
 Perch of your's, to excuse your self from
 gratifying me in some little and moderate
 Demand which you think I am going to
 ask. Your Losses are none of mine, Why
 therefore am I to be made uneasy at them?
 I think I ought to have my turn of losing
 now, therefore without any more Words,
 claping her Hands upon the Table, Let me
 see Fifty Guineas in this Place instantly.
 Thus far angrily, but dissembling a Smile
 when she perceiv'd him hesitate upon the
 Question, she alter'd her Tone of Voice, and
 said insinuatingly to him, Come lay them
 down here I say, touching the Table more
 lightly with her Hand, as you have had
 ill Luck, I may have good, and I long
 to put you out of this fretful Humour. No
 more Splenatick-Looks, says she, but let
 me see you give it me with the same plea-
 sant Countenance as I receive it. A De-
 mand of Fifty Pieces just after the Loss of
 some Hundreds, came a little unseasona-
 bly. He was very unwilling to grant, and
 yet not courageous enough entirely to
 refuse her. After fumbling some time in his
 Pocket, and saying not a Word, out came
 the Purse at last with much ado. When
 SALLY saw the Purse, she was resolv'd
 to be wholly silent, and watch his Mo-
 tions, till she saw plainly what he would

be at. His Fingers were very slow in opening the Purse-Strings, and when open'd, seem'd to grasp the Gold with still more Reluctancy. He very leisurely told over *Ten Pièces*, and ask'd her if those would not do for the present, she said nothing, but shook her Head. He then told down *Twenty*, and put the same Question to her, looking at her very earnestly, she looking more earnestly at him, vouchsafed him no other Answer, but what appeared in a second refusing Nod, and a scowling Forehead. At length, the *Old-Caster*, after many inward Struggles, brought himself to the counting of that difficult Number, *Fifty*. But when he had done this, he first look'd sternly upon her, and then greedily at the Gold, counting it over and over again. At last he ventured it out of his Hands, and told it gently down upon the Table; she was not so slow in acting her Part, but the instant it was down, swept it into her Lap, without giving her self the Trouble of telling it, and so soon as she had it safe, she cry'd, *Aren't you a dilatory Old-Pimp? Now have you been much longer in parting with this trifling Sum, than I shall be in spending of it.* Then whisking out of the Room, and giving this Specimen both of her Ingratitude and this

Extravagance, she left him to be sole Auditor of his own Accompts, and to Balance his *Loss* and *Gain*, as well as he could.

I shall give you, Sir, but one Instance more of her *Ingratitude*, and so conclude.

It has been the *Fortune* of Mrs. *Salisbury*, who has charm'd so many Men, to be some times captivated her self. A young *Officer* in the *Foot Guards*, who was naturally form'd to *Please*, happened once to get into her *Company*, and at the same time into her *Heart*. She was as deeply in Love with him, as ever any Man had been with her. In fine, she became for once a Suitor, and explain'd to him her Inclinations sufficiently, to put him upon desiring that Favour, which she desired to grant; this Familiarity once begun, pleas'd both so well, that it continued between them for some Years: she upon all Occasions shew'd an excess of Fondness for him, and there is one Circumstance particularly, which proves it not to have been at all disssembled, which is, that as expensive as she had been to all Mankind besides, she never was so to him, during the whole Course

Course of their Intrigue. Once indeed, when she was in Danger of being under an Arrest for the Sum of 35 Pound, she sent for the Captain and inform'd him of her Apprehensions ; it was not then in his *Power* to answer such a Sum, but it was so much in his *Will*, that being rather contented to become a Debtor himself, than to let her remain so, he tried his Friends, borrow'd the Money, and made the Payment, for which she gave him a Note of her Hand, promising him, that he should be speedily reimburs'd, and that she should always acknowledge the Obligation. One would imagine, that if there was any Person, with whom she would keep her Word, it must have been with this Gentleman. Not to be Grateful to a Man, who was not only her Lover, but of whom she was her self the profess'd Lover, argues her guilty of so Superlative a Degree of Ingratitude, so unthinkingly profuse of her own Money, and so cravingly covetous of other People's, that it cannot be said, that the enchanting Pleasures of Gallantry, Love and Fruition, are her chief Vices, but that a strange Mixture of Avarice and Prodigality, of Inconstancy and Ingratitude meets in her ; and that these are the reigning and predominant Passions of her Mind. Loving
as

as she was to this Gentleman, as much as
 she was beloved by him, and notwithstanding
 standing this acknowledged Obligation,
 she, it seems, was inform'd, but a few
 Months after, of his being actually under
 such an Arrest, as she had only been under
 apprehensions of. He was willing to be ob-
 lig'd to the Person whom before he had so
 willingly oblig'd. He disdain'd to put
 her in mind of her Promises, Nor, and
 would have been better pleased to re-
 ceive her Assistance as a Favour, where
 he could have demanded it in Justice. He
 wanted more to be convinc'd of her true
 Affection in the Manner of doing it, than
 even to have the thing it self done. He
 accordingly sent her Word, that he was
 in Custody, and could not easily deliver
 himself from thence, without being in-
 debted to her Help. This he signified to
 her in a Letter sent by a Porter, and as
 he deliberately insinuated in an Answer, she
 returned this very grateful and modest
 Reply in him by Word of Mouth: 'Look
 you, Fellow, if you have Sense enough
 to carry a short Message, give the sorry
 Wretch you come from, (tossing her Head
 with an Air of disdain) this Answer in
 plain English, 'Than I owe the King
 did once lay down Thirty Five Pounds
 for me, but that if he was to pay me
 28 but

‘ but one Farthing for every one of the
 ‘ greater Favours he has had of me, it
 ‘ would amount to more than the Sum;
 ‘ and that, as he got into Jeopardy, he
 ‘ may get out again, as he can, for *Sally*.

I think these Three Instances sufficient
 to give you a Taste of her Temper, and
 how fit she is, with all her Charms, to
 be treated, by any Gentleman, as a Friend,
 a Mistress, or indeed, a Companion even of
 his loosest Hours,

I send this Account the more willingly
 to you, because my Friend *Polydor*, long
 after he had left her on account of the
 Wrongs she had done him, felt, at some
 Intervals, a Regret to think, that after so
 many tender Obligations, she could find
 in her Soul to prove false to him, and
 the reading of this, may hereafter, in all
 Probability, alleviate the Sense of his
 Loss, when he considers, he only lost a
 Woman, in whose Nature it never was,
 nor ever can be, to be true to any one
 Man upon the Face of the Earth.

I am Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Whitehall,

Jan. 27. 1712.

M

CASTALIO

LETTER IX.

FROM

POLYDOR to CASTALIO.

UPON

His having communicated to
Him the Foregoing.

SIR,

THE Letter which you communicated to me, and in some Measure which concerns my self, speaks the Wickedness of the *Woman* in so lively a Manner, representing my own former Frailty, of being too easy in believing what I liked so justly, and demonstrates your own Abhorrence of her Ingratitude and Concern for the Alteration of my Temper, so kindly, that I cannot requite it any way so well as by sending you an Answer which

which will shew you how much I am now likewise convinced of her Ingratitude and Inconstancy to others, to whom she has had almost equal Obligations, by which I shall free you from the Uneasiness you express for a real Friend, for fear of his lying still under an Uneasiness for a false Mistress.

To shew you therefore, *Dear Sir*, that I no longer regret her having prov'd *false* to me, and that I am thoroughly convinc'd of what you very sprightly express, that it is not in *her Nature* to be true to any Man upon the Face of this Earth: Whether she *does* judiciously, *feignedly*, or *does even really love him*, I send you the following *Relation* of the same Kind as the *Three Instances* you have given of her, which when you have perus'd, you may, if you please, communicate to Captain *Walker* as from

Your Humble Servant

Feb. 18. 1724.

POLYDOR.

News

NEWS was brought to *SALLY*, that a particular Friend of hers, to whom she ought to have been a Friend, if Obligations could have made her so, lay under the unhappy Circumstance of an Arrest: A Circumstance, which he had frequently prevented from happening to her, not only with unusual Bounty, but with an unusual Manner of bestowing it. It highly delighted her to think that it now lay in her Power to Triumph, with Severity, over a Person who could never have been subject to her Insolence, but by his kind Condescensions to her. She hugg'd her self with the Conceit of fondling a *New Lover* with the ill Treatment of an *Old One*. For being then in Company with *Baron Leonardo*, and having the Distresses of a Female Acquaintance, and who was a Partner in her Pleasure, laid before her, she resolv'd to make her Tendernefs known, in regard to a *Harlot*, in order the more Triumphantly, to shew the Hardships, that she put upon a generous and gentle Rake, whom she had, by study'd Insinuations, brought to these Hardships. According to the Fire of her Temper,

the Baron was ask'd peremptorily, whether he would go and visit poor Lady Betty, a well known Damsel, in Distress, who made her self, by her good Nature, too Cheap; and added, that a Man ought never to hope for the Condescension of a Woman to his Pleasures, in the flow of her Fortunes, that would not help a Beauty in the ebb of hers.

The Baron, whose Soul was naturally bent to Women, by the Habit of his bodily Inclinations that way, and whose Mind was form'd for Pity to the Indigent, had Generosity to all whom he thought proper Objects of it, instantly struck in with the Proposal, and was more ardent after the Declaration was made to him, than the successful *SALLY* had been in declaring it, to see the *Fair Captive*.

To make the Story as short as I can, they met; and as soon as they arriv'd, Lady Betty had scarce drop'd a Tear, and *SALLY* began to second with the seldom failing Rhetorick of a Harlot, but the Baron with a Smile that manifested his Good-Nature, and squeezing *SALLY* by the Hand to signify that he desired her Silence, as not needing her Insinuations to allure him

him to that Intent, prevented Lady Betty's disturbing herself any farther with her Sorrow, desired to know the Sum which occasion'd it, and assur'd her it was ready in his Pocket to relieve her.

Lady Betty considering that the Sum was a little of the largest, was too modest to express it, without some Hesitation.

D—n you, says SALLY, I told you that Modesty undid this Wench, and now you perceive it to be true. Look ye, my Lord, 'tis but for the Trifle of an Hundred Guineas — and I know your good Nature to the Fair Cause, — then she hung fawningly about his Neck, and kiss'd him. The Baron knew the Hardship to himself of paying so large a Sum; but his Facility of Temper prevail'd, upon two Considerations; first, that he should relieve the Distress'd, which he heartily lov'd to do, out of a Propensity to Virtue; and secondly, because he was to relieve a pretty Girl, that he had a greater Propensity to relieve out of a stronger and more vigorous Appetite, which he had to the Vices of the Flesh.

The

The Debt being paid, and the Ceremonies of the Officers being satisfied, more according to the Purse of the Honourable Friend, than the Circumstance of the Fair Captive, they adjourn'd to a Tavern.

In their Discourse there, the reliev'd Lady Betty, mention'd, with some Concern, a Gentleman that was Companion of her Sorrows. *Ay*, says my Lord, very readily, being still desirous of doing more Good, *I think SALLY you told me of one who was formerly an Acquaintance of yours, and who had done very handsomely for you, in the greatest Distress, which ought certainly to be remember'd with the utmost Gratitude, is so unhappy, as to be confined in that very Place, which I think my self happy in having relieved this Lady from* (making, at the same, time a Compliment with his Hand to Lady Betty) *and what is still worse, I think you told me he had not the least Hopes of Redemption; nay, continued the Baron, you, my Dear SALLY, have own'd your self* (turning to her in the most affectionate Manner *that he was a Man for whom you once had a particular Kindness, and that his Temper, his Tears, his Air, his every*

every Action were so agreeable, that, had
 he not been guilty of such an foolish Thing of
 spending his Money, as you call it (but I
 can never think it so in regard of so fine
 a Woman, whose Lips are better worth
 Sealing, as CONGREVE says, than
 a Bond for a Million) you could have con-
 tinued him in your Favour, with the ut-
 most Tenderneſs, to this very Day. SAL-
 LY heard with Patience the Lover whom
 she was ſill to deceive, but the Impati-
 ence ſhe had of hearing the Lover defend
 ed whom ſhe had already deceiv'd, re-
 ply'd, as ſhe thought, with a diſcreet, but
 really an indifferent ſort of Temper (the
 her daily Indiscretions encouraged her
 ſill to New ones, as Acts of Diſcretion)
 by reaſon of the Prevalence of her
 Charms which took Place as well in this
 as in other Points, and relying there-
 upon, ſhe thus reply'd; True, ſays SAL-
 LY, I dam him for a Pimp! his Gene-
 roſity to me, as I told you, is very true,
 but that is the only Thing I have him for.
 I look upon him with Contempt to ſee
 what a miſerable Aſs he has made of
 himſelf, (and then altering her Voice to
 a ſofter Tone, and hugging the Baron, as
 ſhe had done the diſtreſs'd Gentleman
 when in good Circumſtances) My Lord,
 my dear Lord, if ever you expect a kind
 Look

Look from me, leave this Discourse, and abandon a Wretch that is already abandoned.

The Baron deep in Apprehension of offending on the one Hand, the Woman whom he so tenderly lov'd, and yet very willing by his natural Humanity to relieve the unhappy Gentleman, still urged that he understood by her own Narration of the Fact, *that most of those Debts were contracted on her Account,* and begg'd, as if he was supplicating a Favour to himself, that she would give him leave to find out some way of satisfying the Creditors, and disentangling the Gentleman from the Misery in which he was involv'd. He farther signified to her, that if she had a Mind to be the *Mediatrix*, those Sums for which he was arrested, should be Trifles in her Pocket, and that afterwards he himself would take care, for her sake, to put him into a Post which would enable him to retrieve what was pass'd. This Opportunity one would think, of giving a Man a Redemption out of Misery, not at her own, but another's Expence, must certainly have been sufficient (when not only so generously, but so handsomely proffer'd by a Gentle-

N

man,

man, nay, even urg'd by him) to excite her to do it, if she had not taken a greater kind of Wantonness in *Ingratitude*, than even in the Acts of Wantonness themselves.

SALLY was so far from being mov'd with this kind Speech of her *New Companion* to a Compassion for her *Old-One*, that she flew rather into a Fit of Fury against her *New Admirer*, in the midst of Opulence and Wealth, sooner than she would not shew her Ill-nature to a Friend in Calamity, who had shewn her the utmost good Nature when Fortune smil'd upon him.

Fury took so much the greater hold of her, that throwing a Glas of Wine in the Baron's Face, she solemnly swore, that if ever he mentioned *the Scrub or Subject any more, his own Blood not Claret, should next stain his Shirt*, and that if she once gave Ear to the Cries of her *undone Fellows*, as she call'd them, there would be no end; for, says she, *There is scarce a Fayl in Town, but what I have made a Present of a Member or two, nor a quarter of the World, but where I have sent some Stripp'd Lover a Grazing.*

I hope

I hope by this Time, my Dear *CASSA-
TALIO*, I have convinc'd you how much
I my self am convinc'd of *SALLY*'s
Ingratitude, and I should think my self
not less ungrateful to you, if I did not re-
lieve you from the *Inquietude* you was
under for me by shewing you thus, that
I am under no *Inquietude* for her; and
to end my Letter as I began, you may,
as a publick Testimony of my Temper up-
on this Occasion, communicate this to the
Publick by Capt. *Walker*:

I am,

Your most Affectionate

and

Faithful humble Servant;

Feb. 18. 1723.

POLYDOR.

N 2

LET

LETTER X.

Brother Officer,

WHEN I saw the several Advertisements in the News Papers about your being concern'd in publishing some *MEMOIRS* (which you say are *Authentick*) of the Life of our famously infamous, and mischievously bewitching *SALLY SALISBURY*, I could not for some time prevail with my self to have any other Opinion of the Undertaking or Performance, than that it must be some *Grub-street* Stuff (you'll pardon my Frankness) like what I have seen before in that Heap of Absurdity and Lies father'd upon the never-to-be-forgotten Mother *WISEBOURN*, at whose *UNIVERSITY* I had been too assiduous a Student, not to know how partially, and basely, she has been treated in that vile Pamphlet. — But t'other Day a certain Friend of mine, one of your Correspondents, to whom you have been pleased to communicate some of the printed Sheets, assured me, That it was his Opinion that the Work was far from being of the Class I suspected, but was done with great Candor

dor and Impartiality : So, Sir, if the following short Passage, of which, I assure you, I was both an Eye and Ear-Witness, may be worthy a Place in your MEMOIRS, 'tis heartily at your Service.

Your unknown

humble Servant

Greenwich,

Feb. 24. 1722-3.

W. RIDER

B E I N G a few Years ago, with another Gentleman, in a Noted House of Entertainment, not far from the *Hay-Market*, we heard some Company in the next Room (which was only parted from ours by a thin Wainscot) saying to one another very often, Where is this immortal Bitch *Sally*, that she does not come? and such like Appellations. We knowing several of the Voices, and partly guessing at the Person

Person they were so impatient for, it moved our Curiosity to look out at the Window in Expectation of her coming, to be satisfied if our Guess was Right. We had not waited a quarter of an Hour, before we saw a Chair pretty near the Door, and a very grave, genteely-dress'd, sober-looking Matron, we presum'd might be turn'd of Forty; had stopp'd short, seeming to look mighty earnestly into the Chair till it had pass'd her, and then she follow'd it in a more precipitate Pace, than by the Gravity of her Aspect, might be supposed she usually went, saying in our Hearing, as she approach'd the Door, That's a sweet young Lady ! A delicious Creature ! Blessings light on her, and the Mother that bore her ! The Chairmen had now stopp'd just under our Window; and out starts your *Heroine* (for she her own self it prov'd to be) dress'd like a little Princess, in Crimson Velvet, with abundance of Jewels about her : The Matron, desirous of having a fuller View, and some little Parley with that agreeable engaging Object of her Admiration, came up full to her, and accosting her with a very low, respectful Court'fy, said ; ' God in Heaven preserve your sweet Ladyship ! I han't seen so pretty a Lady a great

' great while ; I beg you let me look at
 ' you a little : Your Mien, Person, and
 ' Dress perfectly Charm me ! *SALLY*,
 who, to give her her Due, can behave her
 self as well as any Lady in *England*,
 when she thinks fit, very civilly returned
 the Gentlewoman's Compliment, and, as
 she never wants a Quickness of Thought,
 and being in one of her waggish Airs, as
 appears by the Sequel, resolved to banter
 the poor Gentlewoman for her Inquisitive-
 ness and Curiosity, and after some few
 Words of Course, she began this memorable
 Dialogue with her, which is still *Verbatim*,
 fresh in my Memory. " *Madam*, said
 ' *SALLY*, you seem to have forgot me !
 ' Pray when did you see Mrs. *Brown* ?
 ' How does that good Gentlewoman do ?"
 " Your Ladyship surprises me, *reply'd*
 " *other*, I can't remember that I am ac-
 " quainted with any Lady of that Name."
 " No ! *says SALLY*, that's very strange
 " indeed, I am certain that you and she
 " are prodigiously intimate, and I my
 " self have had the Honour of being ex-
 " tremely merry in the Company of both
 " of you." " How, *Madam*, *answer'd*
 " *the wondering Matron*, I am confident
 " I am intimate with no one Person in
 " the World that ever went by the
 " Name of *Brown* ; neither can I possi-
 bly

“ bly recollect that ever I saw your
 “ Ladyship before, much less, that I have
 “ had the Honour of being in your Com-
 “ pany: You are infallibly mistaken,
 “ Madam; but who is this Mrs. *Brown*
 “ you mean? ” ‘ Mean? *said the wan-*
 “ *ton, gamesome Devil*, Who is she? Why
 “ who should it be, or whom do you
 “ think I mean? Why ’tis your own
 “ *Brown* ——— I mean, pray is not
 “ she your intimate Acquaintance, and
 “ han’t I been very merry in your Com-
 “ pany? ’ Then away she trip’d up Stairs
 laughing at her Frolick, and bouncing in-
 to the Room where her Company was,
 she told them the whole Story, who, I
 doubt not, were as much diverted at the
 Recital, as I and my Friend had been
 before, tho’ we had the Advantage of
 beholding the whole Scene, and likewise
 the Behaviour of the poor deceived Gen-
 tlewoman afterwards; who look’d wist-
 fully after the arch Harlot as far as
 she could see her, and then with Signs
 of the greatest Confusion and Astonish-
 ment, lifting up her Eyes, and extending
 her Hands, she broke out into these Ex-
 clamations: ‘ Sweet *Jesus* have Mercy
 ‘ upon me! As I live she is a vile Whore
 ‘ in all this Finery! Who could have
 ‘ thought it? She looks as much like a
 ‘ Woman

Woman of Reputation, as any I ever saw in my Life! But the more's the Pity, she is a Devil in the Form of a Cherubim! ——— Thus she ran on, and after having Blessed herself for some Time, she went away muttering. Notwithstanding *SALLY*, upon this Occasion, spoke out her Words very plain, yet, taking her Character in a true Light, she is very far from being the most vulgar Lady, of her Profession, we have in Town, and is as seldom guilty of talking obscenely, as any I know.

A Propos. Now my Hand is in, I'll give you an Instance or two more of the *Nature of the Beast*. There is a noted Female in the *Hundreds of Drury*, of her own Vocation, at whose Lodgings, as my aforementioned Friend and I were, some Years since, taking a Flask, Mrs. *Salisbury*, then in very good Keeping, chanc'd to go by in some Body's Chariot, and very fine she was, and mighty pretty she look'd, or, at least, I and my Companion thought so: But our Landlady, either, not liking the Encomiums we made upon Madam (for you know People of the same Trade seldom agree) or prepossess'd with some particular Pique against her, said thus; 'That proud *Minx* you seem

to have such a *Dilting* to, and who is now to very *Brilliant*, is little better, by *Extraction*, than any of our *Two Penny Thrums*; and I would have you to know, that the first lac'd Smock she had upon her *SRM* was mine, and I lent it her to go a *Bitching* in. This, in a Day or two after we told *SALLY*, who, with a good round *Carfe*, made answer; She lies like a *Bitch*! she never lent me a Smock in her Days. — Yes, Rot her, now I recollect, I believe she did once lend me a Flannel one to be 'Flux'd in,' — I shall conclude with a Saying of hers, which she very frequently us'd to have in her Mouth, — *It was always my Ambition to be a First-Rate Whore, and I think, I may say, without Vanity, That I am the greatest, and make the most considerable Figure of any in the Three Kingdoms.* And to give you my own private Sentiments of her, she is the most conspicuous *Punk*, that has shinn'd in a *Side Box*, or empty'd the *Privy Puffe* of a *PEER*, for this last Century.

LET

LETTER XI.

SOME Years since I was (to my great Misfortune) Fool enough to trifle away my Time and Money upon that Trifle **SALLY SALISBURY**. At our first Acquaintance, I did not find, (or at least not think) it very expensive, and to say the Truth, she for some time, afforded me lascivious Love enough for my Money, but when, by paying her too frequent Visits, she perceived I was grown Fond of her, and observ'd that I usually carry'd a well-lin'd green Purse about me, then the cunning Jilt began to make a Property of me, and I verily believe, that had I kept an Account of the ready Money, Expence of Treats, and prime Cost of Cloaths and other Presents, she wheel'd or (to my Shame be it spoken) bully'd me out of, I should find, that every Solace (after our first Three Months Dealings

Dealings) stood me in 50 Pounds, and to her may I ascribe my being what (instead of my Name) I shall subscribe to this Letter, which, before I conclude, give me Leave to acquaint you, that being in her Company one Evening (and had presented her with a Piece of the richest Silk I could get) her Maid came and told me, that Mr. *Brown* (well known to be Proveditor-General in the Hundreds of *Drury*) was at the Door and wanted to speak with her herself, upon which she ordered her Maid to bid the *Cock-Bawd* come in, which she did, and delivered her a Letter in these Terms

Fair Angel,

WITH the utmost Satisfaction Embrace this Opportunity of paying my epistolary Devoirs to the bright *Astrea*, whose matchless Perfections have captivated my Heart. I am conscious 'twould be a Presumption in me to desire so great a Favour as a few Minutes' Converse (to convince her of the Fulness and Ardency of my Affection) did not the Idea of a Goodness, inseparable to so many Charms, present itself

himself, and thereby raise my Hope, and
 justify my Expectations; by all that Good-
 ness then you are Mistress of, I conjure
 you, charming *Fair-One*, to believe and
 Pity the languishing *Lycidas*, when he
 declares he never will (or rather that he
 never can) cease to adore you. Let this, I
 beseech you, extract from your fair
 Hands, or Ruby-Lips, the Favour of an
 Affignation (which if you kindly vouch-
 safe, by trusty *Brown* the Bearer) then
 shall *Lycidas* hope to be happy; other-
 wise he must remain intrepably mis-
 erable; for the greatest Blessing he covets
 in this World, is only the Divine
Astrea's Person, from wher's Passionate
 Admirer I am. *LYCIDAS*
 the thus reply'd, Go tell the cunning
 fullome, fanatical Pimp, that (though I
 hate his Sect, and much more to be Pity'd
 P. S. Some Circumstances requiring my
 making use of Romandick Names, I hope
 you'll forgive the Freedom, since I have
 endeavoured to call you by that Name
 which most resembles you; tho' I must beg
 Pardon and acknowledge the greatest
 Encomium I can give you is to describe
 you by your self. When she had read this,
 she ask'd him what Anonymous Son of

Bitchy Gent, it, ſer, till ſhe knew, ſhe
 would give me Answer to it: *Brown*
 ſeem'd unwilling to diſcover that before
 me, & which ſhe Obſerving call'd him
 Pimp, and bid him be free, for that I
 was a Friend whom ſhe truſted with all
 her Secrets: Upon this ſhe ſaid, To tell
 the Truth he is no better, nor no worſe,
 than an eminent *Non-Gen Parſon*; Luſty
 and Eufid, who oft leaves his Flock in
 the Country to regale himſelf in Maſ-
 quadrade with Perſons of your Sex and
 Function in theſe Parts: I am his *Jac-*
ball, and generally uſed to provide him
 with Priz'd Ward, but he having ſeen you
 (at leaſt in daſt of your Face) and ſome
 but your ſelf at this time with content
 him. Having I thus ended his Harangue,
 ſhe thus reply'd, Go tell the canting,
 fulſome, fanatical Pimp, that (though I
 hate his Sect, and much more to be Priest-
 Bidden) if he has no Pieces in his Pocket
 to fool away, that I have given you
 Leave to ſhew him the Way to my Lodg-
 ing, where he may gratify his Appetite
 and Ambition; her Freedom you may be
 ſure put me upon the Foot, which ſhe ob-
 ſerving, plac'd herſelf upon my Knee,
 chuck'd me under the Chin, Buſ'd, and
 then ſaid, My Dear, you ſeem to be un-
 eaſy,

easy, I hope you do not grudge me the Noble Present you have brought me, if you do I shall never wear it with Pleasure. I told her No, that was not the Case, but her sending for another Gallant before my Face : Upon which she very pertly reply'd, She had done that not with a Design to affront but to convince me of the Value she had for my Present ; for that if the *Pedantick Block-head* should come, he should only have a little bit of *Old-Hat* to stay his Stomach, till he got to some Harlot of his own Puritanical Flock, for his Money, which she would apply, with what she already had by her, to buy a rich Trimming in order to make up the Silk I had given her into a Gown and Coat, which she could not in Conscience ask of me, who had so generously given her the Silk itself. This Dialogue had continued longer, had not the *Non-Con* conscious Lover at that time come according to conscious *SALLY*'s Invitation, and being conducted into another Room, *SALLY* left me for above 2 Hours, all which time I was Fool enough patiently to wait ; then the Parson being gone, and the Money got, she return'd to me, and I was Sot enough to stay and be content that whole Night with

with a *Bugger's-Bunn* and her dissembling
Canty and was so infatuated afterwards,
notwithstanding this, and many other In-
stances of ill Usage, to continue her
horrible Servant, until she saw the
Gallant before my Face: Upon which she
very politely reply'd, she had done last
Feb. 26. 1721.

A Broken Merchant?

Present; for that if the Pedantic Block-
band should come, he should only have a

LETTER XII

Gown and Coat, which the could not in

THO' to your Person a Stranger, yet permit me as a Friend to tell you, that I fear, in diverting the Town with Cholerick *SALLY*'s MEMOIRS, you will endanger your self. I mean not the Risque of your Person, for that, as a Captain, I suppose you do not value, but another which ought (if you be Needy as common Fame reports most Authors are) to be more dreadful to you, *viz.* The danger of being cited in the *Commons*, having your Pockets empty'd by *Spiritual Court*

Court Proctors, and doing *Penance* in a Place, where, in tracing *SALLY*'s Life, I believe you will hardly find she has ever been since her Baptism; for as in writing of her Life I believe it will be impossible for you to avoid giving her a *Title* which more justly belongs to her, than the Name she assumes, so I also believe 'twill be as impossible (considering what a *Termagant* you have to deal with) to escape the Danger premis'd. To convince you my Suspensions are not groundless, and to put you upon your Guard, take the following Story, of which may be said, as a Predecessor of your's has said on another Occasion,

'Tis true, 'tis Pity;
And
Pity 'tis, 'tis True.

Not long since, a pretty Novice in the *Family of Love*, hearing that *SALLY* had the Art to *Please* and get Money more than any of the Sisterhood, had an Ambition to get into her Company, hoping to learn and profit thereby: But as Two of a Trade can seldom agree, so it happen'd with them. In the Quarrel, the Younger called *SALLY* WHORE; and tho' at the same time light-finger'd *SALLY* beat her

her heartily, and demolish'd a new Suit of Cloaths just procur'd upon Tick; yet not content with that, she commenc'd a Process at *Civil Law*: And tho' upon it her Antagonist escaped the *White-Sheet*, by Mr. *Clogg* the merry *Proctor's* taking an Advantage of some Flaw or Delay in the Proceedings of his Brother of the *Civil-Band*, whom *SALLY* had employ'd; yet the Expence so drain'd her Pocket, that being behind-hand in her Weekly Payments to Mr. *Whore-Eater* the *Tallyman*, he employ'd Mr. *Cannibal* to arrest and put her into *Hell* upon *Earth*, alias the *Marshalsea*, to do Penance there. When the *Civil-Suit* was quash'd, Mr. *Clogg* was observ'd Jocosely to say no one ought to give the Title of *Whore* how true soever to any one, unless they could fully prove, that in *Lawless-Love*, they had catch'd, viz. seen or felt *REM* in *RE*: That this Saying of the facetious Mr. *Clogg's* may be a Caution to you, is the Intent of this, from

SIR, Yours, and all that,

and profit thereby: But as Two of a kind can seldom agree, so it happened

TIM. TIMEROLIS

 LETTER XIII.

SIR,

BY the Note you left for me at the Coffee-House, you are pleased to compliment, or rather flatter me, by expressing an undeserved Acknowledgment for the few Instances I sent you of some of Mrs. *SALISBURY*'s merry Pranks. You likewise intimate, that you would take it as an additional Favour, if I could procure any more MEMOIRS upon the same Subject. I have, to oblige you, pick'd up the following Notices, which, if worth your Acceptance, you may depend upon as matter of Fact.

When *SALLY* (who seems to have been created for no other Purpose but to do Mischief, and to bully Mankind) was a Member of Mrs. *WISEBOURNE*'s celebrated College, there was a certain very remarkable *Muscovite* Nobleman introduc'd into her Company by one of

our true-bred *London Rakes*, well vers'd
in the Experimental Philosophy of these
Academies. This Noble Foreigner was
in his most vigorous Youth; and the cold
frozen Air of the Northern Climate,
from whence he came, had not congeal'd
his Blood to such a Degree, but that
the piercing Beams of *SALLY*'s sprightly
Eyes, with a few home-shot Glances,
found a Passage to his very Heart, which
taking Fire, set the whole Mass upon
the Thaw, and made it run as warm in
his Veins, as that of a *Portuguese* in the
East-Indies. But what cannot Almighty
Love perform, when darted from two
beautiful Eyes? And such, indeed,
SALLY's most prejudic'd Enemies, and
even Envy itself, must acknowledge her's
to be. Why then should we wonder at
our Traveller's being captivated with her
alluring Looks, when we have so many
deplorable Instances of the pernicious
Glances of those fatal bewitching Stars
at Home? And why should not *Russia*
produce an amorous Complexion'd Gal-
lant, as well as other Countries? But
to have done with Morals and Reflections,
and return to *SALLY*'s Count, whose
Eyes were incessantly gazing upon her,
and every now and then would approach
her, his Joints trembling, and squeezing
her

her fair Hand with an Exstasy, would break out into rapturous Exclamations, in very indifferent *English*, calling her *his Angel!* *his Venus!* *his Earthly Goddess!* and what not? giving his Introducer to understand, in *French*, to which Language *SALLY* is an entire Stranger, That the Brightness of that enchanting Nymph's Eyes had quite charm'd his Soul; and that, unless he enjoy'd her, 'twas wholly impossible for him to live; looking at the same time he spoke, with an Air so languishing, as if, in Reality, he was melting away and just expiring. His Companion, who, as I hinted above, was a true Champion of *Venus*, and had liv'd, as we say, *pretty fast*, had a great Veneration for *SALLY*'s engaging Person himself; but having, like many more of our unbridled Youth, out-run his Allowance in pursuit of Pleasure, his Purse could not always keep Time to the Motions of his Heart, and *SALLY* was too much what she is and ever will be, to grant him Love Gratis, or *upon Tick*; so that, to ingratiate himself with her, he had been forc'd to promise to bring her some Rich Cull, whom she might *Milk* to good Advantage; and as a Gratification for that Piece of Service she engaged herself to bless him with now and then a *spare Night's* Revel-

Revelling in her delicious Embraces. The intended Milch-Cow he had in his View, was our amorous *Russian*; how he came first to insinuate himself into his Acquaintance, I am not well able to inform you, but bring him he actually did, and in the Manner as I have told you. By the enamour'd Count's ecstasick Behaviour, the designing Harlot fancy'd herself Cock-sure of her Game, and look'd very pleasantly upon his Companion; who soon after, making some Pretence to quit the Room, she beckon'd him to follow her, which in a few Minutes, he took an Opportunity to do. They met in another Part of the House, when the first Questions our *Female-Mobcock* put to the *He One*, were; *Do you think the Pimp will come down? Will he bleed plentifully? Is he flush of Gold?* To all which the falacious young Libertine, his Eyes glowing with Expectation and Desire, made answer; *Make you any Doubt of my Sincerity, Madam? Can you imagine I would deceive or impose upon you? No! my dearest, my adorable SALLY! He is all you can wish for in an easy, obsequious, condescending, out-landish, wealthy amorous Coxcomb. Make your best of him, I brought him to that Intent; and have made him believe, that you are the darling*
Object

Object of a Potent Statesman's Vices, and that nothing but the Honour I have of being nearly related to you, could have induced you to leave your own fine Lodgings, or have obtain'd this Interview. This the Gudgeon swallows; and to tell you the Truth, he has been smitten with your Beauty, ever since he saw you in the Stage-Box about ten Days ago, when He and I were together in the Pit. And now, my Dear SALLY, continued he, I hope I am as good as my Promise; when giving her a gentle squeeze he was for grasping her in his Arms, and so forth. But it was SALLY, the inimitable SALLY; he had to deal withal, who knows better Things than ever to buy a Pig in a Poke, or to distribute her Favours upon Uncertainties. She disengaged herself, very adroitly, from this libidinous moneyless Incroacher upon her Properties and Prerogatives, and, with a half Frown, push'd him away, and kept him at Arm's length; nor would the Politick Termagant Vinago, at that Juncture, give him a more effectual Cast of her Office, for fear of spoiling the Design, from which she began to conceive such mighty Hopes; when, but for that Consideration, 'twas Ten to One, the Looking-Glass, which stood brim full, had not flew about his Ears for his

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Presumption, in offering his Familiarities to one of her Character, without paying for them. But as Affairs stood, she only said; *I'll assure you, Sir! Certainly, you are in great Haste methinks, can't you have a little Patience till I have done with the Count?* If the Pimp bleeds well, I'll glaze you; I give you my Word I will; and so, with a sort of a Smile, she left him, to his great Regret, without the Bit to stay his Stomach, when he could almost have sworn he was just going to partake of a luscious Repast. He returned to the Count, and while he was making his Excuse for leaving him alone, **SALLY** (who before was only in a Night-Dress, tho' a very neat one) made all possible Expedition to rig herself out to the best Advantage, and was not very long before she made her Appearance in a Habit fitter for a *Drawing-Room*, than a *Brothel*. The Emotions of the Count's Heart, at her Approach, were visible in his Eyes; he rose up, and accosting her with a languishing Air, took one of her Hands, and fixing it for some Moments to his Mouth, imprinted ardent Kisses upon that fair, but mischievous Limb and then conducted her to her Seat. To have only the empty Satisfaction of soothing his Love-sick Mind with the dis-

courting

courſing of the Beauties and Perfections of that Charmer of his Soul, had already coſt him many a Tavern Bill in feaſting her pretended Couſin, ſince the happy Minute in which he firſt beheld her; and could he do leſs now, when he enjoys that dear Enchantreſs her own ſelf ſo near him, than treat her, and that obliging Couſin, who had interceded ſo ſtrenuouſly in his Behalf, and had been at ſo much Pains to bring them together? Certainly No. The good Lady Abbeſs is call'd for, and order'd to ſend up the very beſt of every Thing her Houſe affords: The Orders are punctually obey'd in a Trice; full Flasks of generous Wines came pouring into the Chamber, and Brimmers of *Citron-Water*, *Ratafia*, and the like, were handed about like Hail, to the whole Company, at the liberal Count's Requeſt; nor had the good Lady of the Tenement forgot to introduce herſelf, and three or four of her neateſt Girls, to be Partakers of his Liberality. The Mixture of ſo many different Sorts of inebriating Liquids, and the repeated Bumpers had been drank round and round again, began to be viſible in every Face, and to ſet their Tongues a running like mad: The Mother was chearful, and her Children all very merry, and frolick-
Q some.

some, *SALLY*, whose Eyes never want their own native Lustre, being somewhat exhilarated with those elevating Liquors, those beauteous Twin-Stars of hers began to twinkle like Brilliant Diamonds; and laying aside the constrain'd Demureness she had at first affected to assume, she, with an Air of Freedom, began to bestow some very gracious Looks upon her amorous Foreigner, and to prattle very agreeably with him; nay, and to permit him to approach nearer, and to use some Familiarities.

*As she, insensibly, grew less reserv'd,
Her youthful Paramour grew more assur'd:
He boldly tastes her pouting Ruby Lips,
Kisses her sparkling Eyes, and snowy Neck,
Presses her yielding Breast, and luscious
(Palm,
Forerunners of Ten thousand Joys to come!*

He fancy'd himself actually wrapt up into *Mahomet's Fool's-Paradise*; and, as we may imagine, these Freedoms did but still increase his longing Desire for the Consummation of his Happiness. The Person from whom I had this whole Adventure, assur'd me, that *SALLY* was never seen to look so well in her Life, and that what the late ingenious Earl of
Rochester

Rochester said of his *Chloris*, might very properly be apply'd to her, when upon this Occasion she put on some of her feigned languishing Glances ;

*Her Eyes appear'd like humid Light,
Such as divide the Day and Night :
Or falling Stars, whose Fires decay.*

It would be endless to recite all the Fooleries and Harlotries that were transacted, nor do I make any Doubt but that you have seen several such Scenes and Pageantries, which are daily practis'd in those Places of Infamy : So to make short of my Narrative, the impatient Count was extremely eager to be satisfied upon what Conditions he might purchase the Nymph's Favours, or, in a Word, What he was to give her for a Night's Lodging ? And, in effect, propos'd that Question to his Introducer, and who was also his Interpreter. Upon this the two Cousins, and the Mother, some intelligible Winks having inter-pass'd among them, retir'd to hold a Consultation ; and after some Debates (in which *SALLY*'s Cousin fail'd not to make a good Bargain for himself, and to oblige the Old Lady to witness it, that, for his Share of the Prize, he was to have a

plentiful Portion of the young One's Love) they return'd, and the Count was given to understand, by his Friend, *That with much ado he had prevail'd with the Lady to yield to his Importunities, and that he was welcome to solace himself, and to take his Fill of Love in her Arms that very Night; and as for the Present he was to make her, it was above her to name any such Thing, but he could not offer her less than a very handsome Purse full of Guineas, and take that as a mighty Favour too, she having refused very considerable Offers of that Kind from the best of the Nobility: in the Kingdom.* The Count, who by some Passages he had observ'd in the Behaviour of the whole Family, plainly perceiv'd the Company he was got into; yet *SALLY's* Charms had so great an Influence over him, that enjoy her he must; for nothing but Fruition was capable of extinguishing the Fire she had kindled in his Breast, and tho' he was far from thinking her a *Vestal*, yet he could not help thinking her a most agreeable, but very mercenary Strumpet. He asks, therefore, of this Bargain-maker, *What he meant by a Purse full of Guineas, and how many of those golden Pieces he reckon'd to a Purse?* Oh, nothing under Fifty, my Lord, says t'other: *It would be the grossest*

grossest Affront in the World to a Lady of her nice Speculation, to think of any Present less than that; nor am I sure she'll accept it; and if she does, it will be entirely owing to my Mediation, I assure your Lordship. — But the Largeness of a Whore's Conscience, you know, is even grown to a Proverb; and SALLY here shew'd the Extent of hers; for, otherwise, how could she exact upon this Stranger so unreasonable a Sum for those very Wares she had, to my certain Knowledge, sold over and over again, Hundreds of times, to very despicable Chapmen, for much less than the hundredth Part of what she then demanded; and would then have leap'd at Half a Piece, tho' since, to make another Proverb or two good, *She had better Luck than honest Folk*; and again, *Whore's Luck is the best Luck*. So much for Proverbs. Well but the Count? the Purse? and the Punk? Why, the Punk insists upon having the full Purse, without the least Abatement; the Count is fir'd, and must extinguish his Flame, but without the Purse he might as well go whistle; therefore he finds it an incumbent Duty on him, for his own Ease, to go and fill it, for he had scarce sufficient Quantity of Gold about him to discharge the Reckoning,

oning, which, by this time, was pretty large! He pays it, and takes his Leave, promising to return again towards the Evening. He was observ'd, as he went out, to bite his Lips, and to appear in a perfect Fume, and was heard to say these Words; *O la Vilaine Magicienne ! Une Bourse tout pleine d'Or ! Cinquante Guineas ! Ventre bleu ! Je la donneray, tres volontiers, au tous les Diables pour beaucoup moins de la Moitie de cette somme la ! Cinquante Guineas ! Morbleu !* Which in English runs thus: *O the vile Sorceress ! A whole Purse full of Gold ! Fifty Guineas ! Z---ds ! I would most willingly sacrifice her to all the Devils in Hell for much less than half that Sum ! 's Death !*— The Count, notwithstanding this angry Soliloquy, could not, it seems, forget this Sorceress, this Enchantress, but returns, according to his Promise, bringing a Purse full of *Shiners*, as he had been enjoyn'd. He sat down close by his Sorceress; she look'd upon him, and he gaz'd upon her; she smil'd upon him, and he repay'd her gracious Smiles with fervent Kisses, and close Embraces. They are very merry for about an Hour, and then the Count begins to make broad Signs, that he would be glad to be a Bed. This the officious obliging Mother observes,

serves, and knowing his Meaning, by his Gaping, sends one of her Nuns to fetch a Night-Gown, Slippers and Cap, while the Maid gets the Bed ready. He undresses himself, and a fresh Flask is call'd for by the Lady, who, seeing no Purse appear, begins to look a little fowre and gloomy. Her Cousin observes it, and winks at the Count, who being quick of Comprehension, draws it out, and sometimes tosses it in his Hand, and sometimes dangles it on his Fingers. The Melody of that *chinking* Sound attracts the Eyes of the Fair Jilt, who, till she heard it, had been looking another way; but

— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra Fames?*

The bright Pieces, peeping prettily through the little Holes of the green Purse, danc'd merrily in their Lord's Hand, and *SALLY*'s Eyes kept Time, and danc'd as merrily to the Mulick they made. The Count inquires of his Interpreter, *If it was not convenient he should be left alone with the Lady, whose Caresses he was to purchase at so exorbitant a Price?* The Answer to this was, *That he intended to see his Cousin in a Humour good enough to suffer herself to be put to Bed, and then to*
throw

throw the Stocking, *drink their Healths*, and bid them *Good-night*. — The Purse is now cramm'd into *SALLY*'s Bosom, a low Bow made her, and a gentle Squeeze by the Hand, all which she answer'd with a Smile.

Now 'tis high time you should know the whole Contents of the Purse, before *SALLY* looks into it. The Count thought Five Guineas, instead of Fifty, was a Sum intirely sufficient to pay for one Night's Embraces with any Strumpet he should find in a Common *Brothel*, and therefore had closely cramm'd Forty five gilded Counters into his Purse, and had laid Five Guineas on the Top. *SALLY*, willing to see her Purchase, unt'y'd the Strings, and when she had got in her Hand the Five real Gold-Coins, which bore the Effigies of our Monarchs upon them, she went to proceed further in her Inspection, and the more was her Curiosity incited, because she found the others so very closely stow'd and wedg'd in: She made shift to get out a Couple, and seeing what they were, ask'd him, *What are these my Lord?* Oh Madame, says the Conscious Bite, *Dey be de ver fine Gold; dey be de best fine Gold in de Varld; dat be de MOMPOEZ Gold, Begar, Madame. MOMPO! MOMPOS!* says she,

She, *The Devil* confound you and your
 Mumpish Money too, you Mumping Son of
 a Mumping Bitch; you shall be damn'd
 before you shall Mump me so; you lousy
 Pimp you! and taking up the Flask,
 threw it full in his Face, which breaking,
 made him in a sad Pickle; and seconding
 her Blow with an empty Bottle, she actu-
 ally knock'd him down, and then flew
 like a Dragon at her Cousin, with the
 Poker, with a *Damn your Blood, you*
Villain! Is this your Contrivance?
 And had he not nimbly avoided the
 Stroke, 'tis very probable she had split
 his Skull. While the poor Count lay
 sprawling upon the Floor, the dangerous
Hell-Cat had secur'd the five Pieces, and
 what else she could pick up that was to
 her liking; for she was not so much blind-
 ed with Fury, but that she could discern
 a convenient Moveable. At last, by the
 Interposition, and Assistance of the chari-
 table *Mother of the Maids*, and some of
 her Nymphs, the disabl'd Warriour was
 disengaged from the Paws of that inhu-
 mane Tigress; who, by her good Will,
 would have fall'n foul of him again; or, at
 least, have turn'd him out naked into the
 Street; but that she was prevented by the
 better-inclined Mrs. *Wisebourne*, who, in
 Truth, would never suffer such Disorders

and Outrages to be committed under her Roof; so she got him all his scatter'd Garments, help'd him to put them on, begg'd his Pardon, and very civilly conducted him to the Door, and away he went alone (his Conductor having wisely march'd off the Ground) with an aching Head, and very little Stomach to embark in another Love-Adventure with so dangerous an *Edge-Tool*, such a *Diablesse* (as he always after call'd her) as that pernicious Nufancee *Sally Salisbury*, of whom it may be truly said, *'Twas Pity she was ever born, except she had been better; or that, if she must needs be a Whore, 'twas Pity she had not been less inclin'd to Mischief;* and it is still a greater Pity to see our Nobility and Gentry, most of whom are Persons of Worth, Learning and Good-Sense, how they degenerately debase themselves from the Glory of their Ancestors, by encouraging such Carle in their unsufferable Insolence.

A Person of the first Rank making a great BALL at his House some time ago, Mrs. *Sally Salisbury* was very desirous to be at it, and prevail'd with one of her Gallants to procure her a Ticket. He did, and being finely rig'd out in a noble

Suit of Black Velvet, and a considerable quantity of rich Jewels, she took Chariot and went thither, and indeed cut a very good Figure. At her Entrance into the spacious Apartment, where abundance of fine Ladies were already seated, many of them were extremely inquisitive to be inform'd who that *New-Comer* was, and one Lady, in particular, sent her Servant to ask the Porter, and to see what Equipage was waiting for her; but the Porter being ordered by her not to tell her Name to any one whatsoever, the Servant return'd to his Lady, pleading *Ignoramus*. He was sent a second Time, with Orders to get it out of him at any Rate, which with much ado, and a piece of Money, he did at last, and brought the Answer to his curious Lady. Now this Lady's Curiosity, you must know, was not altogether Groundless; for tho' she was not certain, yet she shrewdly suspected, as it were by Sympathy, that this was the individual naughty Woman, who was the Object of her naughty Lord's tenderest Desires; the injurious Sharer of what she thought so much her own *Due*; the presumptuous Defiler of her Marriage Sheets; and, in fine, her unworthy Rival in her dear Lord's Love; so that she was not only mov'd by mere Curiosity to be so very in-

quisitive, who she was, but by a large Tincture of that cruel Disturber of the Mind, Jealousy, Tyrannick Jealousy; tho' her's was purely, as I said before, Sympathetick, as some People swoon away if a *Car* comes into the Room where they are; or, as a very honest Gentleman of my Acquaintance certainly does, if but the least Bone of a *Breast of Mutton* happens to be where he is, tho' lock'd up in a Cupboard, or otherwise out of his Sight, yet has no Antipathy to any other Joint of Mutton; and of this Nature I take the injur'd Lady's Case to be. Well, the Curiosity of the Lady was not satisfy'd with the bare Sight of her Rival, who appear'd in her Eyes as Ugly as a *Succubus*; No, she must make a farther Inquiry, and must needs know some of her Qualifications; and first of all wanted to see if she could Dance well, intending afterwards to hear how she could Talk. She shall soon be satisfy'd, and both see her Dancing, and hear her Talk presently. She rises up in order to obtain that Satisfaction, and presents her Hand to SALLY to lead her out to Dance, and call'd to the Musick for the last New Minuet. SALLY, who knew her full well, as she did most in the Assembly, readily consented to the Lady's Request, and gave her

Hand. Though she Dances well enough in a *Country-Dance*, her Talent does not lie in *French-Dances*; and whether it was that her fine new Shoes pinch'd her, or whatever else was the Matter, it is very certain, that she then danc'd consumedly ill, and with an awkward *graceless Grace*, hobbling worse than a *Welsh Milk-Wench*, newly come out of *Glamorganshire*. When the Dance was ended, her Partner, who had danced incomparably well, reconducted her to her Seat, and with an Air of *Irony* and Banter, complimented her upon her fine Mien and Performance, asking her who was her *Dancing-Master*, and then sat down by her.

Our SALLY who is much better at *Repartee*, and Quickness of Comprehension than at Dancing new *Minuets*, immediately understood her jealous Rival's Drift, and reply'd; *I perceive your Ladyship does not approve of my Manner of Dancing: But I can assure you, Madam, my Lord* — (naming her own Husband) *admires my Dancing above all Things, and has often told me, that he had much rather Dance, or —* (speaking mighty plain *English*) *with me than with your Ladyship at any time.* — This dry

dry Answer, as may be suppos'd, sung the good Lady to the Quick: Her Cheeks glow'd like the Gills of an angry Turkey-Cock, and quite confounded, she sat mute, as one Thunder-struck. After some little Space, the Lady who sat next her on the other side, fearing, I presume, lest her Vixenship should fall upon her too, and to ingratiate herself into her Favour, began to commend her Dress, and in particular said; *These Jewels are extraordinary fine, Madam! They had need be finer than your's, my Lady, says SALLY, you have but one Lord to keep you, and to buy you Jewels, but I have at least half a Score, of which Number, Madam, your Ladyship's good Lord is not the most inconsiderable. Nay, my Lady, —* cries another, *You had much better let Mrs. Salisbury alone, for she'll lay Claim to all our Husbands else, by and by. Not much to your's, indeed, Madam,* replies SALLY with her usual Smartness, *I try'd him once, and but once, and am resolv'd I'll never try him again; for I was forc'd to kick him out of Bed, because his — e'en good for nothing at all, my Lady. —* These home Rubs stop'd all the Ladies Mouths at once, and not one would venture upon her again; which the Nobleman who gave the Ball observing

ving said; *Indeed, Ladies, I would advise you not to concern your selves with SALLY, for she'll be too hard for you all, I see that.*

No Dancing going forward, nor any thing being to be heard in the Room but Whispers, a certain Commander in the Royal Navy, who had been pretty great with SALLY, and had had many a Glass of Claret thrown in his Face by her, thought now or never to dash her out of Countenance at once, and came up to her, accosting her with a *How do you do, sweet Madam? Why that Smock wears exceeding well! That's the Smock you danc'd for at the Bath, is it not?* This very String he had been several times a harping upon in other Places, and had been call'd a Thousand Pimps and Sons of Whores for so doing; but now the well-bred Mrs. Salisbury knew better than to use such gross *Epithets* among so noble an Assembly, and so only said, very deliberately; *No truly, Sir, this is not the Shift you mean; I sent that, with the rest of my Linnen to your Mother to be wash'd last Week, and she has not brought it home: If it would not be too great a Trouble to you, Sir, I would beg the Favour of you to tell her to bring that and all the rest, as soon*

as possible. *Excuse the Freedom I take,*
Sir. This unexpected *Repartee* was like
 a Dagger stuck in the very Heart of the
 Gentleman, as appeared visible in his
 Looks; for as few or none in the whole
 Company but what knew his Mother was
 Landress to the — — — of — — — ; the
 Eyes of all, that before were fix'd upon
Sally and her three Rivals, were now
 intirely turn'd upon the Captain, and a
 loud Laughter of Applause ensued from
 every side of the Room; insomuch, that
 not able to stand it (though he never re-
 fused to stand an Enemy's Broad-side)
 he left the Company, and went away
 (begging his Pardon for the Comparison)
 like a Dog when he is asham'd, with his
 Tail between his Legs; nor did *Sally* stay
 long after, but took her Leave before the
Ball broke up.

This brings to my Memory something
 like it, of a certain honest Fellow, a
 Bookfeller of my Acquaintance, not a
 Mile from *Temple-Bar*, who had an ex-
 traordinary Curiosity to be introduced
 into your *She-Devil's* Company. He
 made his Application to a Friend of his, a
 noble Colonel, who, at that time, was a
 mighty Favourite of her's. The Expedi-
 ent concerted between them, as the
 most

most plausible they could think of to facilitate this Interview, was, That Neighbour *Tim*, should equip himself out like a Shoemaker, and come to inquire for the Colonel at such a Tavern, on such a Day, where he should not fail to be with the Lady. At the prefix'd Time *Timothy* accordingly came, and was introduced as the Colonel's Shoemaker, who brought him his Bill, by his Appointment. He is desired to sit down, and to drink part of a Flask of Wine both by the Colonel and the Lady, who being inform'd of his Occupation, order'd him to take her Measure for a Couple of Pair of Shoes. *Timothy*, glad of this Opportunity to have a Sight of as much of her Leg as he could, draws out his ——— his ——— What d'ye call it, his Thing they take Measure with, and began to handle it, tho' somewhat awkwardly, as being a much better Judge if a Book is printed in a good Letter, or well bound, than of a Shoemaker's Method in taking Measure of Ladies Feet, and (but that I'm apt to think the Arch Rogue did designedly) drew up all to her Gartering, which made poor *Sally* say, *Master don't you go a little too high?* But she happened to be in one of her good Humours, nor had her Gallant said or done any thing to

S

ruffle

ruffle her Temper, which was very lucky on *Tim's* side, he might else have dearly paid for his Over-niceness and Curiosity: But all fell out as he could have wish'd, and he got a View of one of the prettiest Legs in *England*, and indeed her Limbs and the whole Contexture of her Body are formed with admirable Symmetry, and most exactly proportion'd: So that I cannot altogether condemn that frequent Expression of a most persevering Admirer of her's, who will say, in a perfect Rapture; *The Mould in which that dear Creature was cast, is broke!* Tho' if am not grossly misinform'd, Old Mrs. *Priddon* is still living, and I believe very sound, and Cants, Prays, and Plunders her Daughters of what they have *Earn'd* with the *Sweat of their Brows*, as much as ever, notwithstanding her exclaiming against the *Partakers of the Wages of Sin*. But to return from this Digression to our *Timothy*, who was mighty happy, as he thought himself, and fiddled about the Leg as long as *SALLY's* Patience would admit of, and then promised her Shoes should be very neatly made and brought home to her the next Week, without fail, and so took Leave for that Time. — He is a very merry Fellow, and *SALLY's* handsome

Leg ran fo in his Mind, that he learn'd
the Song of

*She's a Leg and a Foot,
Would invite a Man to't, &c.*

Which he would be singing in all Com-
panies, and toasting her Health.

The Colonel afterwards disabus'd her,
and told the whole Truth of the counter-
feit Shoemaker, at which she laugh'd and
took no farther Notice, till going by his
House, about a Month after, in a Coach,
at a Time when several Gentlemen of
the Cassock and Band, as well as of the
Sword, were in his Shop, she bad the
Coachman stop close by the Door, and
call out the Master Bookseller. Tim.
little dreaming who was come to repay
him his Visit, came instantly, Cap in Hand,
and ask'd the Lady's Pleasure. *Are not
you a sorry Rascal,* said she very loud, *for
not bringing home the Shoes I hespoke of you
above a Month ago. Don't you deserve to
have your Ears cut off?* A grave Clergy-
man made Answer; *I believe you are under
a Mistake, Madam, This is Mr. —; the
Bookseller, and no Shoemaker, I can as-
sure you, Madam. I am certain I am
not mistaken,* Sir, reply'd she, and turning

owards *Tim.* again said; *What you lo usy Pimp? are you asham'd to own your Trade?* Poor *Tim.* quite besides himself to be expos'd so grossly and banter'd in the Hearing of so many of his best Customers, answered her in a very peevish Tone; *Now you talk so much of Trades, Madam, pray what Trade are you of?* Why don't you know, says she, don't you know my Trade? *I am a Stone-Cutter you pimping Son of a Bitch, a Stone-Cutter, you Cuckoldly Knave you Drive on Coachman.* Leaving poor *Tim.* utterly confounded.

Now, Brother Captain, I think I have told you Stories enough of your fair *Sorcerefs*, and being very much tired, I'll conclude, after I have subscribed myself,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Greenwich, St.

TAFFY's Day. 1722

W. RIDER.

L E T T E R XIV.

SIR,

LOOKING over the Publick Occurrences in the News-Papers, I find your Resolutions of handing down to Posterity the Life and Actions of a Person I was formerly bewitchingly involv'd with; and it was (if possible) by the mere strength of Imagination; for at that time I never had seen your *Devil*, who in Fourteen Months time reduc'd my Estate (that was not the most inconsiderable in the County) from Four hundred to Forty Pounds *per Annum*; and my Self, from a Strong-back'd Lusty Fellow, that after the Repast of Old *Cheshire-Cheese*, Toast and Strong Ale, could leap a Ditch or Hedge with any of our Fox-Hunters, to a Poor, Sickly, Puny Wretch, fitter for an Hospital than a Mistress, as you'll find by the Sequel.

During the Recess of P———t, I often took a Bottle with our M——rs in the Country,

Country, and nothing but Charming *Sally Salisbury* took up the Discourse; the Shouts they continually made at Toasting her Health rended the very Skies, and the handsome Encomiums they so liberally bestow'd upon her Beauty, made me not a little inquisitive about her; and upon Inquiry I found she was so far from being, as I at first imagin'd, the darling Daughter of some Wealthy *Londoner*, a fit Match for one of our Young Squires, and far above my Reach, that I found her descended, in a direct Line, from the Loins of *Venus*, and within my Compass, at the Expence of felling a few Oaks, and a *London* Journey. Thus equip'd, with my *Sancho*, to Town I came, mounted on a Milk-white Virgin Palfrey, chose out of the best Stands, as an Emblem of my being undefil'd, and of my Innocence: My Guide informing me we were arriv'd at our desir'd Haven, I order'd my Equipage to approach Madam's Door with Reverence, and a gentle Knock. I dismounted, believing I should not be deny'd Entrance, having in my Breeches what would facilitate the Success: Nothing I could say or do would gain me Admittance, but *don* *Toboso*, from the Window, in such violent *London* Airs, I was no ways acquainted with, ask'd, What Country? Put his

that?

that? What Gentleman did he come from? What his Business was? This first Repulse greatly shock'd me, but recovering my self in as good Manner as I could, and got together what Rhetorick I was Master of, I told her my Errand. She wonder'd, she said, at my uncommon Impudence, to use one of her Appearance and Quality as I did, and order'd her Servant to bid the Rustick be gone to some Inn, and refresh himself, which was much more proper for him than what he desir'd, after such a Journey.

I protest I know not what Face the Moon bore at that time, but I am sure I appear'd like one Planet-struck, and retir'd, more fit indeed for a Grave than a Mistress.

In a few Days, rallying my Forces, I took Courage, and by the Assistance of a Female, I, in the Interim, had made my Friend, procur'd an Interview; and we soon struck the Bargain. Never did any Creature appear more beautiful and innocent than she, at that time, did to me; nor were the Ideas I had entertain'd of her in the Country on Jot less than what she really deserv'd: In short, I thought my whole Estate too small a Recompence for her Merit, which she too soon found out,

but, and prov'd her Merit too large for my Estate. The plain Country Gentleman I now laid aside, turn'd Beau, set up a real Equipage, and launch'd out into all the ridiculous Extravagancies of the Town. If I deny'd her a Trifle (as she call'd it) of an Hundred or Two of Pieces, I was sure to have a handsome Peruke of a considerable Price made a Sacrifice to the Flames, as well as a Suit of Cloaths of no small value render'd unfit for Service, with a *Damn you for a Son of a Bitch! Shall you wear such Things, and I want Pin-Money?* I have often wonder'd how she could go through all the Exercises of the Day with so many different Customers I found she had, considering what Pleasure she took in Nocturnal Rambles, as turning *Mohock* and *Rake*. The Genteel Way of breaking Windows, with whole Handfuls of Halfpence, she was very expert at, alleviating the Crime by her leaving Money behind to pay for them: 'Twould swell a Volume to rehearse the Outrages, Riots, Tumults, and other *out-of-the-way* Ways of spending Money, during my Love-sick Fit, she was guilty of; but as my Acres decreas'd, her Company I had but seldom, and whenever I had it, a good Part of it was taken up with her Advice to me to leave the Town;

and

and go and settle in the Country, and there marry; and as for her part, she had sworn Chastity, and only wanted an Opportunity to retire into a Nunnery, and there to spend the Remainder of her Days: After which, whilst I stay'd in Town, she had order'd her Sister *Peggy* to attend me, and to officiate in her Place; thinking that the small Matter I had yet left, tho' not worth her while, would however serve her Sister to glean upon. Now the Embers which had glow'd some time began to break out into a Flame, and I had just Reason to believe my Constitution very much impair'd by the *French-Disease*; and I found *SALT*'s Pretence of Retirement was only to rest and clean for a future Market. I can't tell what Favour she met with from *Æsculapius's* Skill, but, with Sorrow I must confess, that Part she was so kind to bestow upon me, to be beyond the Art of any of the ingenious Sons of *Galen* to master. When she was patch'd up she made me a Visit, *Damn'd* me for a Son of a Bitch for giving her such an odious Distemper; assur'd me of a *Fail* if I did not immediately discharge a pretty large Debt contracted chiefly by her self, during our Correspondence; and tho' she was well acquainted with my present Incapacity, she perswaded the Creditors to

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send

send Two Bayliffs, who carry'd me to a *Spunging-House* in a very weak Condition, and she herself went and rifl'd my Lodgings of all my Wearing-Apparel, and therewith rigg'd out her Father, who, by the Help of some Botcher, cut no small Figure in 'em. I charg'd *SALLY* with this Piece of Barbarity, particularly of stripping my Lodgings when I was in the utmost Distress, which so little affected her, that she Damn'd me for a Pimp, and told me my Landlord had seiz'd my Cloaths for Rent, and that her Father, as well as any Body else, had the Liberty of buying 'em: But, *SALLY* said I, *There were several Things not fit for your Father's Wear, as long Perukes, &c.* You Lye, you Pimp, answer'd she, My Father is as good a Gentleman as you are, and as well, if not better, qualify'd for such a Dress: 'Tis true you had some few Months ago a small Estate, but that is pretty well gone: My Father is a Gentleman by Profession, a Cadet in the First Regiment of Foot Guards, and before I dye I hope to see him a Collonel, if Money can make him one: Remember, Sirrah, there are more rise by the Scabbard than by the Blade; and away she flew, leaving me to condole my Loss, by reflecting on the Miserable Condition

dition Fourteen Months of her Acquaintance had brought me to.

Your Unknown Friend

and Servant,

Shropshire,

Feb. 27. 1723.

Caleb Afterwit.

THAT I can aver I have, for some time past, been as sedate and grave as a Person of my Function ought to be, is to me a very great Satisfaction; but the more especially so, when I reflect that, for some Years, I was one of the greatest Debauchees in Town. At my first Admission, as a Student in this Place, I took more Pleasure to be in the Apartment of a *Female of the Game* than in my own Chambers; and by accustoming my self thereto, I became so harden'd, as not to be ashamed, when I went upon the Rake, to leave Word, or a Note in my Door, to let any

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Body

Body know at what Bayd's, or Whore's Lodgings I might be found. I was then, possess'd of a very good Estate, and should not have had occasion to Study, had not my squandering it away idly forc'd me to it, in order to qualify me to wear the Gown, to get my Livelihood. As your *SALLY* was the Goddess I at that time ador'd, and oft, too often, visited, to Her Extravagance may I ascribe my whole Misfortune, and to Her Ill-usage my Good-fortune of being, from an unthinking Indolent, become a Man of Thought, and a Counsel in good Esteem.

I can't but suppose, that from your many Correspondents, you have receiv'd Instances of her Ill Treatment to her Gallants sufficient to illustrate your History, and perpetuate her Memory: But as her Intrigues have been chiefly with Persons of higher Rank than Country-Farmers, the Story and Occasion of her beating One of that Class may have escap'd your Knowledge; I shall therefore give it you, and tho' by so doing, I, in some Measure, expose my self; yet you may Publish or Conceal it at your Pleasure.

Having one Day left a Note in my Door, that I was at *SALLY*'s House, a Farmer,

mer, directed thereby, came to pay me Thirty Five Pounds for Half a Year's Rent of his Farm, which by the By was hardly the Eighth part of the Estate which the keeping her Company had oblig'd me some time before to Mortgage, and soon after to Sell outright. When I had told over the Money, and left it in Five-Pound Parcels on the Table, till I had written him an Acquittance, in order to dismiss him: *SALTY* was then busy at her Glass, adjusting her Hair, and humming over a piece of an old Song, viz.

*Those Eyes are made so Killing,
That all who look must Dye, &c.*

which she so often repeated, that my Tenant took Notice thereof, and looking stedfastly upon her, thus bluntly said, " You may think what you please of those Eyes, but I can tell you, Forsooth, " that a Black Heifer I have at Home, " has a better Pair by half. This grating Speech so anger'd Mrs. *Termagant*, that, flying to the Table, she catch'd up the Money, Handful after Handful, and threw it at the poor Fellow, with such Vehemence, that she not only broke his Head in several places, but her Looking-Glass and Tea-Equipage, the total demolishing

lishing of which so encreas'd her Passion,
 that after all she seiz'd him by the Throat,
 heartily Cuff'd him, and then sat down
 and Cry'd bitterly. The poor Bumkin was
 so surpriz'd, that he could not speak a
 Word at first, but recovering, and being
 got out into the Entry ready to go away,
 with the Door half open in his Hand for
 his Security, he popt his Head into the
 Room, and thus said, " Had your Minx-
 " ship been a Man, my Landlord's Pre-
 " sence should not have hinder'd my re-
 " paying your Assault with Interest: What
 " a Plague made you so angry at the
 " Truth? Did it gaul the poor Thing, did
 " it so? If it did, I won't say so any more,
 " that I won't; but this I must say, that I
 " am certain, there's more Danger in your
 " Hands and your Tongue, and I believe
 " in your Tail too, than in your *Killing*
 " *Eyes*, as you call 'em, and so Good-buy,
 " Forsooth; Then he pull'd the Door af-
 ter him and departed. *SALLY* thus
 sensibly touch'd a second time, Rav'd,
 Storm'd and Cry'd most abundantly, and
 'twas as much as ever I could do, with all
 the Money I had received, and all the Rhe-
 torick I was Master of, to pacify and bring
 her to herself.

Having

Having thus gone thro' that Story, to every Particular whereof I was an Eye-witness, give me Leave to add another short, but true one, viz.

A certain Nobleman, with the Design of bantering a Dignify'd Fortune-hunting Clergyman, and to divert himself, propos'd to help him to a Wife, and the better to carry on the Jest, he first appris'd *SALLY*, and then introduc'd the Doctor to her. The *Levite* was smitten at first Sight, as he profess'd, and at several Visits he made her, took all Opportunities, in fine Oratory and Rhetorick, to express the great Liking he had to her Person, and often to praise her Elegance of Speech, and pretty Manner of Living. She as often acted the Plain-Dealer with him, and fairly told him, That notwithstanding she liv'd so genteely as she did, yet she could not boast, nor would she have him think she had a large Estate; for that, in Truth, she had nothing but a very *Small Spot* to which she had any *Hereditary Right*: To which he reply'd, That she might talk of her Estate as diminutively as she pleas'd, but that he was morally certain, she must have a very considerable Number of Acres to defray the Expences of so handsome a Manner of Living, and to be rever'd by
so

so many fine People as he observ'd she was,
SALLY, who began to be tir'd with
 her Canonis'd Suitor, drew up the Curtain,
alias her Hoop-Petticoat, &c. and clapping
 her Hand upon *Madge*, said, *Ecce Signum*,
 Doctor. This is my only Support, and I
 hope will continue so to my Life's End.
 The Doctor, in very great Amaze, very
 abruptly left his Mistress, and hasten'd to
 the aforesaid Lord with the Account of
 what had pass'd. His Lordship laugh'd
 heartily, and at the same time advis'd
 him not to let the Story go any farther;
 " For, Doctor, said he, I had only a Mind
 " to crack a Jest, and the Young Lady
 " you have address'd has every Qualifica-
 " tion but Virtue, and is well known by
 " the Name of *Sally Salisbury*, and no-
 " thing that she either says or does causes
 " any Admiration in those who know her.
 To which the Doctor reply'd, his Lord-
 ship might be assur'd he should not divulge
 his own Folly; but fear'd his Lordship, for
 his farther Diversion, might relate the Ad-
 venture, which, if he should, he intreat-
 ed his Lordship would be so kind as to
 conceal the Name of a Person his Lord-
 ship's Recommendation had made credu-
 lous, and whom Love had blinded. To
 conclude my long Epistle, give me leave
 to observe, that as setting Matters in a
 true

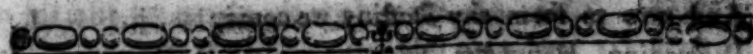
True Light is the Basis of my Profession;
and as Matter of Fact is what I always
delight to have in my Power to plead, so
I hope the above Stories, tho' ludicrous,
being true, will be allow'd not to contra-
dict what has been herein averr'd by,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant

March 2. 1724.

A. TEMPLER.



A
CONSOLATORY EPISTLE,
from the Distressed Females in
Bridewell, to SALLY SALIS-
BURY in Newgate.

Solamen miseris Socros habuisse doloris
Ovid.

Purpureos spargam flores inimamque
(Puelle).

His saltem accumulæ donis ———— Vir.

WHILE Britain's Sons thy Doom impatient wait,
Each envious Tongue foretelling SALLY's Fate;
While lost to all the Pleasures Man could give,
Alone the solitary Night you grieve
Think, dearest Heroine, think what racking Pain,
Our Sympathick-Souls with Thine sustain;

Torn from the Embraces of the Men we lov'd,
 Alike from Liberty and Light remov'd.
 And yet we do but half our Tale unfold
The Secrets of our Prison still untold. *
 But half our Fate has reach'd your tender Mind,
 The worst and most severe are still behind.
 Think then thou see'st us here, a numerous Band,
 Of tender Minds, with high uplifted Hand,
 The Hemp, yet uninform'd, laborious bear,
 Contriving Means of Death and making Fate.
 So the pale Sisters (or the Poets Lye)
 Spin the frail Thread of those they mean shall dye.
 Perhaps (but Oh! avert the horrid Sign
 Kind Gods, that look on Innocence like Thine)
 And now to form thy Destiny we come,
 Discording Hammers shake the vaulted Room,
 And unharmonious Peals pronounce thy Doom
 Was it for this your Beauty early shone,
 And to each Sex your fatal Charms were known,
 Worship'd by Men and envy'd by your own?
 For this did *Captive Noblemen* adore,
 And *Garret* and *Peers* acknowledge *SALLY's* Pow'r,
 Countries remote, and distant Shires can tell
 By your Bright Eyes *what mighty Numbers Fell*; †
 Those Eyes alas no Triumphs more shall boast,
 Faint is their Lustre, and their Radiance lost.
 Alas! dear Maid, your *suver Hand* supplies,
Those Deaths, which once flash'd only from your Eyes;
 So the rash Heroes, who of old repaid,
 With Scorn the fighting *Amazonian-Maid*,
 Soon felt the Fury of her Love betray'd.

* *Vid. Hamlet.*

† *See the Dispensary.*

With

With Rage she view'd her Charms neglected prove,
And stab'd the Wretch that dar'd refuse her Love.
Now, now the Triumph of that glorious Night
Now the great Scene seems opening to our Sight.
The haughty Lover to our Sight appears,
And *Lesbia* Object of your different Cares.
Methinks we hear the proud *Triumphant Fair*
With scornful Looks, and supercilious Air,
Owning the fatal Prize† his Bounty gave,
Condemn the Lover whom she meant to save.
Now, now the gen'rous Fury takes its Place,
Darts from your Eyes, and reddens in your Face.
With *Female Rage*, and more than *Woman's Skill*,
In his false Breast you plunge the driving Steel.
Still to your self his swimming Eyes he moves,
Pleas'd in his Pains, and as he Dies he Loves.
But Oh! how transient is the happy Hour,
How faint the Sun-shine, and how near the Show'r.
Much for your self but more for *Him* you fear
Triumph Grim Death attends, and *Conquest* sell Despair.
And Oh! (for sure our Fears Divine aright,
Would we could wrap them in Eternal Night)
Soon, very soon, all pale and Dead with Fear,
At that Tremendous Bar you must appear;
Where angry *Justice* keeps its awful Seat,*
And Monthly Sessions ministers to Fate.
Then (but the Tryal shall too late be made)
You'll call up all the Woman to your Aid.
Exert those Charms which never fail'd to move,
And faintly touch'd the Stubborn'st Soul with Love.
Alas in vain! the Judge's sterner Heart
Defies Love's Arrows, and repels the Dart,
For ever lost to Beauty's happy Pow'rs
He views indiff'rent what the World adores.

† An Opera Ticket.

* See the Dispensary, ut Supra.

Revenge at ev'ry Sound he seems to breathe,
Each Word breaths Justice, and each Accent Death;
Yet fairest *Hermine*, yet victorious *Maid*,
When thy pale Beauties shall in Death be laid,
Think not that ever Man to Man shall tell
Tho' unreveng'd, you unlamented fell.
Oft as that sad, that melancholly Day:
Breaks forth with fatal inauspicious Ray,
The penfive *Druids* to your Urn shall come,
Weep o'er your *Althea*, and lament your Doom;
Then with fresh Garlands scatter all the Tomb,
Poets to come shall sing of *SALLY's* Name,
And place you highest in the Lists of Fame;
Where *BEULU*, *Gwynn-King's* great Offspring stands,
Each glorious Nymph a *Pomona* in her Hands;
In vain the dying Husbands curse their Fate,
Useless their Rage, and impotent their Hate:
So fearless for a while the *Hydra* stood,
In vain *Alcides* saw her stream of Blood;
With hasty Force he still pursues his Blow,
And still he saw another *Hydra* grow.
At length the many-headed Monster fell,
His Instant Sword unable to repel;
In vain the *Venom* flies, each tangled Head
Chatter'd its feeble Teeth, and Lips indignant red.

CONCLUSION.

To Mrs. Sally Salisbury.

Madam,
I HAVE heard many flying Reports,
to the Truth of which, as I give very
little

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little Credit, I take this Opportunity of assuring you, That if they are True, I value them still less.

It seems your humble servant, is not only to have the Secrecy of the Lot inflicted upon him, but is likewise threaten'd with a more severe Correction from some who are to fight very Manfully under your Banner.

As to the One, I shall be at all times ready to defend your Prerogative in every Court of Justice, not excluding even Doctors-Commons itself. And as to the other, no Gentleman shall find it difficult to meet with me, for I shall upon all Occasions with the utmost Relinquishment acquiesce in that Lot, which is determined for me by Fate.

I have nothing farther to add, but letting you know that my own Share of this Work is the least part of it, and as I declared at the beginning, That I would communicate every Letter sent me in the Words of the Writer, I here solemnly aver, that I have not only done so, but have, as I thought my self obliged to do, submitted the Printed Sheets to the View and Correction of each Correspondent.

The Impatience of the Publick, has obliged me to divide your Life into *Two Parts*, the *Second* shall follow *This* with all convenient Expedition, for herein you'll soon perceive many of your notable Achievements are omitted, particularly the Sequel of *CURALIO's* History, the *Pranks* you play'd a Gentleman with whom you were once very intimately acquainted, even before you chang'd your Name, and the *surprising Passages* between you and another Gentleman for nothing more remarkable, than for his unexampled *Condescension* and profound *Humility*.

I have likewise a faithful Register of many Feats performed by you at a certain Tavern near *Covent-Garden* and in several other Places, too Numerous here to Recount.

I am, Madam,
Impartially Yours

21 DE 64

Kensington,
March 3. 1727.

CHA. WALKER.

F I N I S.